

MUSINGS
Spirit Pages
MESSAGEBOARD
2009 - 2010

Greg Norton

2009

AS ONE FINDS, AN OPPORTUNITY
FOR WRITING... he looks within... and
tests upon a sequence, over time. While,
sometimes, I feel blue, or down, I can
know, that self worth, has little or nothing,
to do, with that which another speaks, of
oneself. One partly, has a wonder, as to just
what is beneath the surfaces... knowing,
then, to write... I think this is a gain, of
practice... and also, of early experiences...
the first say, 15 years of a man or womans
life, he meets exposure, through those
paths, his parents demonstrate. I
sometimes, think, encouragement, for the
25 year old, just beginning, a path of

writing... can be equated to a heartfelt compliment. By the time, one is 35, or 40, he will, then, have already learned the rewards, of writing, or expressing him or herself, on lasting media. So, then, he might think more of himself, as a writer. He or she, then doesn't look, for validation, beyond himself... he *knows* the value, of writing. And this is the place, I find myself today. I know, those moods, when, I might readily better myself, by looking within the empty page. I like the results... what may be a feeling of moodiness, or grayness, can yet give, excellent writing. You see, then, the questions really become different.

Already, I can see, my improving mood...

for I always will find better self-worth,
through finding some way to be useful, to
another... and thereby to myself... for our
society, places such value, on the products,
and creations, which can come from a real
ability, or practice... the applying, of ones

latent abilities, and talents... such can
really, then place greater definition, upon
the self... he or she isn't, an unknown, sort
of blemish... there is concise, thoughtfully
placed intellectual content, one can find, in
the present. (say, upon a messageboard.)

Perhaps, it is only then, that he or she,
finds himself, really thriving... So, in

looking upon the page, today, I surely, find
all the blessings, and self-assurance, I
myself need... for in these sometimes
changing times, we want things we might
hold on to... for the sands of time, cannot
really diminish, that which is upon the
page... styles, may change, fashion, and
trends... these enter into the printed word,
same as any school, or world... but there
will be always, fondness, for those who
have illuminated, the day... while tastes
will always change, there are yet constants.
It can help, also, those future dwellers, who
wonder... just what was being expressed...
in this present... in what tone, were the

words, being imprinted... what was visible,
upon the canvas, of today. To me, then,
question becomes... how pure, is lifestyle,
of writer... is this or that a bohemeian, or
more or less, of a path of cleanliness... does
one experiment, with substances, like
alcohol, or marijuana... or not, is one a
smoker, or non-smoker... these questions...
are right there, within the reader... for the
clean mind, gives a clear, or clearer picture,
of the time... particularly, when ones
lifestyle, is healthy... one takes regular
meals, bathes, and has healthy contact, with
others, in immediate environment.

So, now, I see some standards, which

others tend to place... and my own conventions, in qualifying, new writing. So, I'm thinking, of a special time... a time of newness, and of pride. And I'm thinking also, of how I might complement, the day... in continuance, This weblog, being sometimes, the only outward signs, I myself, can give. I hope, a time of renewal, gives also, a revival... of books, and of love, for reading. We're so very blessed, today... never before, have so many, online testaments, been accessible, to most anyone. And, an awareness, of how hard work, and real qualifications, are the standards, for success, still today. Be who

you are... not who the world expects you to
be. Anyways, I pass this writing along, to
you now.

~

When one goes to look into his or her
within, he will have, a panorama, of recent
dreams... in the back of his or her mind...
the writers note pad... this place, where
ideas, and other scribbles, are placed daily,
in experiencing living. So, then, these
ideas, and impressions... writer, may see
them, to be like spools of gilded thread...
his conscious language center, being like a

comb, through which lengths of thread, are woven, into this or that fabric... he or she smiles, as he reckons a silver, or gold, or red, blue, or turquoise yarn, onto the page... this fabric, or weaving. A fabric, or woven design, is spun, together... through the weavers careful eyes, his careful hands.

A tapestry, or patterned fabric, gradually comes together... he or she is writing... he is weaving. An image, is born, from the mind... drawn across, the turning grooves,

shown within the present week... the present day, and moment... the practicing, of ones skills... such is the equivelant, of new commodity. One rests, his or her feet

upon the floor... his mind, and senses, relay some information... like pleasure, or pain... or comfort... it is from these senses, that he sets in motion, his or her turning wheels, of hope. I am here; it is now; I shall write.

Completion, comes about... an essay... a leaf, in an edition, and a pride. For those, who've read, at this website... consider this.

I think, every article, or essay, in this board, has been written, in response, *to inner experiences*. The energies, within my conscious mind, are very often, *astounding*. My living being, within my environment... my environment... within this culture... my mind, in the world...

chemistry changes... the ever-changing tapestry, upon this planet... right there, in amidst, the electromagnetic backdrop, the turning, wheels of heaven... and our views of it. Etymology, as one may have learned,

is the study, of words... their origins, meanings, and usages. My dictionary, tells me, that another, word used in this way, is

logos, which also means *fire*. Anima, is another word, which means, spark or flame.

Language, is a gift, of the soul. There is a passage, within the New Testament...

'wherever two or three, of you are gathered together, I am there also.' So, couldn't, it be the sort, of peer pressure, which comes

about, in culture... the relationships of the individual, to the group... which leads, the soul, to arrive upon, an set means of expression... a language. So, the experience, of living, within my culture, the grasping, and reaching, for words, with which to express that which one perceives... these things... produce, a forward, progression... a small current of electricity... essays, spring into existence; I follow, along, with my perceived peers, in my own personalised way. I answer, to the callings, of my age, finding books, to be correlate, to my mind, and existence, in this old world. So, to look upon these

postings, is, at times, to think... well that's
alot of *fat chewing*, But maybe, reader can
bear in mind... articles, are written in
response, to inner stimuli... and upon the
overall theme, of turning *frown*, back into
smile. Frown, back into smile. Answering,
to the questings, of the day... and hopefully,
passing along, candle flame, to another.
Anyways, these are some thoughts, tonight.

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The shamanic peoples, of antiquity... unto
the present... may have at our elbows,
metaphorically speaking, modes, of

seeing... feeling... and knowing, which I feel, are sometimes, missing, today, in this *age of information*... I wonder... does information society, remove us from, or lessen, or diminish, the very important *poetical, mystical* traditions... to which mankind has related, referred, and drawn strength from, across the ages, of antiquity... into today? How, might we continually, then, revive them? Or, are we in the gradual, evolutionary process, of re-defining ourselves? We now, have knowledge, additionally, which has come, by way of the media exchanges happening continually, everywhere, everyday... which

tell us of *u.f.o. stories*, and *anamalous experiences... the marvels, of modern consciousness*, itself... as we have always, been comparing and contrasting stories and information, we have learned, that the '*subtle realms*,' have been known to cross over, into the minds, and lives of peoples. They always have. E.T. experiences, have been reported by individuals, and sometimes groups, since at least the 1930's... yet, written records tell us... there is nothing new under the sun...the sacred writings, of ancient Eastern mysticism, having been forwarded, in many ways, to the common European, and North American

reader, through the Theosophical Society, and those, other writers, which surrounded, and were inspired, by it. But, perhaps, in the present day, we run risk, of losing, awareness of self, with a capital S, "*that goes beyond the sorts of national identification, to a much bigger sense of being a child of the Divine, or a child of Spirit, a child of the Cosmos,*" (paraphrase, from the late John E. Mack, M.D., speaking at the Seven Stars Bookstore, some years ago,... I think, these, or those, modes, which I mentioned... of seeing, feeling, knowing... accessed by shamanic peoples, some how point heaven-toward. We, need,

somehow, to regain awareness, and insight,
into poetic ways of seeing. When we
'...*open Self, to a connection beyond the
material world... beyond the Earth, to a
larger firmament,*' (paraphrase, John Mack,
M.D.,)... it '*opens people to a sense of the
divine, of being one with all-that-is, what
people used to call God.*' I think, the
ecological issues faced by our Mother
Earth, today, whether they have been
brought about by man, or not, as have been
suggested, in u.f.o.logy, partly, because,
experiencers, have related, time and again,
on subtext presented, by the 'beings,' as
often, of a cautioning, or warning... as if

from a visionary, or altered, state of consciousness... of threats, some perhaps real, others lesser, than, faced in antiquity, by life on Earth... threats, perhaps, emerging, ironically, from the very industrial-technological-information culture, upon which we have based our society... (mass production, mass marketing... themselves, having made for a frantic, fragmented, dualistic world... perhaps, too far removed, from the Sacred, an awareness with, the Divine, and an effectual mode, of dwelling, within the vast mysteries, of the cosmos... not to mention, our very own minds...) we know, we

probably need, to have a good relationship,
and modes, of 'dancing within,' the
mysteries... and a respectful, way, of
relating to the mysteries of living,
themselves, on Earth. So, back, to Dr.
Macks presentation, might we then, not
neglect, to look within, ourselves, and
toward the heavens, as we walk upon, this
living Earth. And, perhaps, this place...
perhaps the only Eden, we shall find? Or
no? Yet, here somehow, upon the soil,
walking, 'between heaven, and Earth.' We
are, perhaps, ourselves the very ones we
need... strength always, comes from
within... with sacred dances... thru having

modes, of accessing, the Universal
background, we might, then find, we're
fartherer along, more 'in the house,' than
we may really know. That which we need
and desire... exists, always, within
ourselves... when we stay grounded, within
the *classics tradition*, we find, tools, and
resources, will leap to our assistance, ways
of seeing, feeling, and knowing.

~

When I endeavor to link to another writers
words, I often do so for my own self
improvement. The waters of my life, grow

so tumultuous, and distracted, from the principal virtues of life, that it is only thru a sort of re-adjustment, that I am able to, gradually, *restore my bliss*. This earlier article, I wrote, and completed, today, referencing unto Madame Blavatsky's, The Key to Theosophy, was a proven eye opener. This system is best, at least for myself, to get a handle upon my mind, in the multi-cultural, multi-faith world in which we live. Theosophy is noble reading, as it is intrinsically respectful of all faiths, while favoring none. 'What, then, is a miracle? I just have a few thoughts, upon this... To me, a completed book, is a

miracle. Encompassing sometimes broad spaces of time, drawn from somewhere within time, and space... (the human mind,) a book is a concerted effort of will, often written, or authored by a sole author, his or her willpower and faculties... books, can make changes, in the world in subtle, or even far-reaching ways. Its just not hard for me, at all, to perceive the power of such miracles today. 'There is a Theosophical writer I am thinking of from the later part of the 19th century, whose writing I am fond of. I recently picked up one of her works, and began reading by looking at the table of contents. I read down the page, and

came upon a chapter listing, which put me off, at first. It was: 'The Impossibility of Miracles.' So, then somewhat disinterested, I put the work away, for just how could I ever find much from such a work? Two days later, I went back to its pages, to find out more. I skipped the contents, and went straight to the first chapter, and began reading. I was amazed to find a small explanation... she (the author,) began: (paraphrase) 'This book does not support the belief in miracles, which contradict the eternal laws of Nature...' and so forth. So, now I understood. It seemed clear, that she had such command, and authority, over her

own writing... her books, she gracefully embraced, and forwarded, but she wouldn't classify them miraculous. So, now I understood, indeed. Myself, as a reader today, find her works overall, simply awesome... she, compared to myself, was truly an intellectual giant. I, look up to her. So I will always love her writing, it's always just so mind expanding for me... I'm of a mind to call that miraculous! But maybe, with time, I'll be more like my idol, but for the present, having been thru two serious suicide attempts, and life-saving surgeries, it all can be thought pretty darn miraculous. So, see where I'm coming

from? The experiences make the man,
simply put. I still love Theosophy; it, like
life itself, is just such an awesome and rich
experience.' 'However, what I feel, we are
sometimes lacking of, today, is *faith*.

Miracles, unlike spoke of in the literature,
above, to myself, are always, an
possibility... the human mind, with its
infinite inter-flexibility, and inner-
reflectiveness... its way of forgiving,
limitations of space and time... such as
place, distance, power, wealth, or lack
therof... these things are facets, of the
corporeal world... taking all of time, and
chance, into account, so to speak, allows

for such vast strengths, to come to bear, upon this 'ground,' which we know to be reality. So, we just can't sell short, the powers of mind. This, I think, is why I myself, being on perhaps, more even footing, with the Christian New Testament, than Theosophists of early 20th century, with their intentional distancing, from organised religion, wouldn't omit the word miracle, or even detract from it. I should say, we want to stay open, to miraculous potentialities.' 'Another idea, which has recently occurred to myself, is of a sort of 'depth perception,' we can learn... knowing how time itself, is the continuum, within

which we are grounded... we can leave open, thoughts of future times... and, the past lives, in history... while, there is 'nothing new under the sun,' we have to continually put effort forth, *today*... to ensure, having a quality future, *tomorrow*.

The future, can spiral, downwards, to catastrophe, or rise, above limitations, to great heights... we decide... *today*. My mind, is the medium, through which my future, arises. Being a 'dweller on the threshold...' there's a perception, a sense of being, at 'the gates of the sea...', where present times, leave out, from journeys, over the continents, through the mouth of

the river, out into the vast ocean. This, too, might be where a lighthouse, is found. It's a place, like this, where I see myself, today.

EXTRATERRESTRIAL HYPOTHESES

LOOKING BACK, AT RECENT WRITINGS, I am thrilled, by the thoughts, of being able to write additional articles, and place them within the same context, as that which, I already have, on the page. While writing, some times, can present a

challenge... finding the knowing, of just which way, or ways, to explore... still, at other times, there's more of a certitude.

Looking at today, there are some similtudes, to other states of mind, I've experienced at other times. So, I am herein, reflecting, back and forth, amongst past, and present... while negotiating, futures, on my page. So, and this certainty... it's as if, there's no real doubt, as to that which I would like to think upon, thru writing. Perhaps, these things, would be meaningful, to others, beyond myself... perhaps, not. But, these ideas, do form, a kind of a continnuance, really, *the relief, of*

some closure.

So, as I relate, to the reader, my perceptions... there is real enthuse... for these things. For, my mind, wants to discern, or to perceive, what things may be. So, what does it mean, to me, today. Ten years ago, seeing this, I probably, would have dived headlong, into this or that, interior state. However, at the present... I have learned, that internal phenomena, are often indicative, of larger concerns. For, even an insularity, cannot be distinct, or separate, from the time in which he or she finds himself. One is always, of ones time. So, I guess, again, I wonder, at meanings...

how significant, or pertinent to myself.

As a U.F.O. experiencer, or contactee is led to grow, from his or her experiences, he might become more 'culture aware.' I have previously thought, how such experiences, can be seen as stepping stones, like markers, which demonstrate, paths and trails, leading out of the tangled forests of an adolescent mind, and into mature spiritual ethics. So, I think, that seen on a societal fabric, these reflect *personal living experience*, and express also *universal ideals, and concerns*. So, as one whom has never physically encountered an extraterrestrial, or even seen otherworldly

objects in the sky, they seem to me, to be like guardian angels, which can intervene at a persons developmental transitions.

Presences, I feel, can reach into a persons mind, in just as wholistic, a fashion, as one might consider a psychologist, or therapist would, when seen, with perspective.

The Hopi ideal, of 'Grandmother Spider,' which sits upon the shoulder, of the traveller, and offering subtle suggestions, as a guide might... could be considered the 'still small voice,' which holds insights, into how best, to choose ways, in light of change. I believe, all people, are born, with this inherent latent ability. While ET

experiences, might could be seen as
phenomena showing, a 'clinical,'
'calculating,' non-human, intrusion, upon
the mind... we however, have a reflective,
consciousness, which can easily sort
through such experiences, and discern,
higher ideals, and messages, such as how
best to go about living, in world culture,
with our dreams... our minds, and
imaginations... in light of these seemingly
confounding experiences.

Extraordinary experiences, seen within the
context, of the human mind, can be seen as
reflecting the past, the present, or the
future, or a mixture, of the three. So, do

you see... an phenomena, within the human mind, is something like a 'psychics' stepping stone...' and might, can be seen as co-existant, with changing world conditions, as well as creative peoples artistic processes. So, there are sure, the attendant higher concerns, ideals, and concepts, which have historically been associated with these beings, but *while being inward, and personal experiences*. I believe, humankind has always tended to adapt, to changing world conditions, by envisioning, along paths of idealism. And just as we are in this age of some unrest, in places... and with the growing concerns,

with regard to world sense of security, as some previously shrouded, or cloistered societies, have emerged, onto the digital landscape... these experiences, seem to suggest, that *higher lifestyle ideals, are attainable*. This can be thought to include a *more thoroughgoing sustainability*, seen as becoming incorporated within the macro-world, on Earth, as well as micro-cosmos, which might involve a real sense, of natural inter-connectedness, and professional self-responsibility, inwardly, and outwardly. But, these experiences are first and foremost, strange... and may appear alien, and 'not of this world,' and

suggesting a condition of helplessness, and powerlessness, in the face of higher natural powers.

Anamalous experiences, are firstly, an *highly personal experience*. These experiences, are something like a place where the 'heavens,' of some un-told future, reach back, in time, unto a persons' present, consciousness... an *interior hailing*, of the living... from a place, outside. It suggests, a condition, in which, experiencer, encounters, or taps into, an inner experience, which speaks, of the persons' past, or present, or future. The ways, one chooses, to integrate, anamalous

experiences.... are expressions, of the
experiencers intention, and willingness, to
carry on, amidst stumbling blocks. So, as
one grows, up and out, grasping, out-
reached hands, and with an innocence,
remembering, and developing higher
ideals... then when the time is right, he or
she will choose the right path.

SHADOWS LENGTHEN

AS THE AFTERNOON SHADOWS

LENGTHEN, here, I am drawn into this
flow of recorded language symbols. I
wonder... what do these words, want to
reveal to myself, this day? Will they speak
of long forgotten summers, of mystery and
majesty, which has gone before? Or, shall
my heart, merely speak... across the veil of
time, and enfold me in her quietude. When
one sets about to tune in, to enlighten his or
her self, as to that which is beneath the
surface layers, of his mind, he instinctually,
looks upon, his now... poetry, is an
awesome tool, for unlocking emotions,
which sometimes are embedded in the
depths, of ones self. I have found this to

be, and while, this is a magic, thing... it tends to resist, labeling, or categorising, as such and such a 'process,' or specific. So, I have begun to see, how sometimes, the poetic faculty, itself, is of such great mystery... inherently, it bears resemblance, to a kind of a 'depth,' analysis, or approach... to the interior realms. One sounds the depths, and scans the heights of his or her subconscious... without this ability, to draw together, the loose divisions one finds within... I would, have no real impetus, to write. So, so often, my mind... is like unto, a kind of untapped potential... I know, that magic is all around us, as

people... I don't access is enough. The
Mysteries... of the Earth. Showered by the
suns rays, or drenched in the majestic
night, we call this place our home, and
simply read, from the pages of this planets
genetic memories. Love has always
existed. People grow, and the highest
aspirations of adulthood are completely
entertwined with love. When we fall, love
can help us back to our feet. Because of
this, we call some love divine, or higher
love. Seeing ones own life from the inside,
one feels love. Angels, dwelling on high,
have abundant love for all life on this
planet, and we can experience this love

from that place within ourselves where our ideas about ourselves are born, and shaped.

So, when angels are about, this love is clear on the outside. Only love, higher love, binds hearts together. This is the great good we see in those all about ourselves... something, like spoken of in the Tao Teh Ching, something undefined, and yet complete. It is like an astral light, shining above this mortal coil. I think that there are threads which tie hearts together, a love of all life, for life. Nature, is an nurturing, mother. I have learned how, she can elevate, those, who choose to draw from her comfort. The simplest, wild

animal, when one becomes common, daily, in her natural environment, will approach a person, curiously... and animals, too know just the companionship, to give a human.

Gestures, smiles, and winks, can easily reach even a wild animal, and she becomes a complementary, presence, within the environment, she will admit, the human, into her companionship area. So, nature, really a dancer, embraces, the opportunity, presented her, by a persons presence. The local fauna, which one finds, near ones dwelling, in a suburb, or park environment, are accustomed to the ways of people.

They might could all fly and hop, away to a

woodland environment, apart from mens dwellings. But instead, there are those animals, which are attracted to people... like turtledoves, and squirrels. They come in close, and I think have a reciprocal relationship... hoping for the occasional snack, or bread crumbs, scattered around the yard, and in turn, showering the person, with bird song, and chortles... a person, in the yard, can always, get attention, from a wild animal. There's the species contrast, and I think animals, curious of people, also like the natural human curiosity, for the feathered, the furred. It's akin to gender contrast... opposites attract, and find

common cultural elements, within both. Animals, are naturally social, creatures. Food, means, 'come together... we'll eat together.' Birds, will ignore, a birdfeeder, with seeds in the tray, all morning long, being pre-occupied, with pecking about the yard. But, when a person, out of doors, opens a bag of chips, or chocolate, or any snack, the animals understand, and come to the feeder, together... man and beast, both partake, keeping watch upon, and over one another, smiling back and forth. So, life on Earth, is like a time in the Garden of Eden.

Man, and animal, when gradually acquainted, one to the other, share

presence. What else, will this evening
reveal? When, in doubt, get out in
nature.... bring your writing... and let her
shine her warmth, upon your pages. You'll
climb, from the low spot, back into good
graces. Nature is a second opinion. You
can usually find her singing, taking joy, in
another fine day. Because, life is good. It
feels good, to be alive, today. And Mother
Nature knows, all about family love, and
love medicine. The natural attraction, of
life, unto life.

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In looking upon, the empty page, today... I
am attracted, to the lessons of the past.
For, how, can one know, the ways, of life...
before he or she has experienced, and
overcome them? Sometimes, my mind,
seems to have aches and pains... then, it
almost always has. I relax, in thinking,
how the self-nurturing, which I am gifted
with, will show me new things, when days
get long. I remember, also, how some
days, are almost always, like paying dues...
the owning up, which I feel so often called,

upon, to do. So, then, how indeed, might I validate myself, in the eyes, of those ones who see all... so, therefore, I begin to write.

Being 'on task,' is a gift of the highest order. Knowing, when the time has come, to rise, and sit afore the word processor... and find a better path, to trod, than just so much nothing. I have nothing but praise, for those, who manage to work an eight or more hour day, showing up on time, and doing good work. This, world, has many opportunities, for employment, and when one settles, in to a more 'not for profit,' recourse, to the struggles of living, the 'active times', when what work there is gets

done, are when I'm really 'in my element,' while the times of reflection, all those times 'in between,' may lend an empty feeling. So, I am glad, today, to have some tools... through which I might, put my mind, or hands to work. And, this does, seem to set me apart, from my peers, at the group home, where I stay. I'll never really understand, how others let just much time pass, with out real accomplishment, or gain. I just like to have something, hand made, to show for my time passed, today.

There's, nothing, like feeling as if ones self, is a functional unit, within a larger group... just finding, this place, or a way,

of ones own, can be such a struggle, for some. My parents, encouraged in myself, a work ethic, as a teenager, I mean I always have had chores, like bringing in firewood, or cutting the yard... I just, today, like to awaken with the others, and find some work to do. I'm not much of a couch potato, although, I do let time pass, now and then, but I will have writing on my mind... I feel my subconscious, mind is always sorting and filing, information, pertaining to experiences, as I reflect, on past work... I leap at the opportunity, to get to sit down at a computer, and do my composing. There is a strata, of the world,

today, who are literate... and who write, to keep pace with peers, or with thoughts, of a future publication, like a completed book, or newsletter. So, these are those, who think often, in terms of the written language... it is from the printed word, that they derive sense of well being, or belonging. So, this is how, I fit in. I don't much think of myself, as an working musician, today, so this isn't as relevant. I like writing. And if there is no other goal, than having an article, be interesting, and engaging... being drawn, from 'the present,' my present, this is what I will do. The writing, posted last night... 'shadows

lengthen,' shows, the power of naturalistic imagery... it was 'cobbled together,' from several snippets of writing, in my 'in progress,' folder.... things from the past three years. Transcendent places, in thought, I have been. The lower segment, about connecting with natural wildlife, was written last night. I was happy with it, overall, it works. Just, in placing hands upon the typewriter, and letting your fingers, type some familiar phrase, or 'starting thoughts,' often, relevant, thoughts, will surface, and before you know, you've got a paragraph. Just, bring the focus, to the keyboard, and type a few

words... see what follows. Then, you can blend in, older writings, things you've saved, and meant to use, in larger article. This isn't hard, at all to do. The computers 'copy and paste,' function makes writing easy. So much, of what is to be found on this website, is 'writing pertaining, to the art of writing;' and probably, therefore comes under the 'self-help,' heading. My mind, is like unto an ocean... as I begin publishing, I might develop, relationship, with my higher mind. This, is a part of 'making shelter' for ones self... of strengthening ones 'light shield.' This is an useful concept... for it is throughout the

areas of self help, and self love, that we may draw close, with ourselves... and make ourselves, stronger in the eyes of the world.

I have direct correlation, between my 'finished works,' and a *societal cachet*, or passport, into modern spheres of living.

The 'seal,' on a letter, years ago, helped insure that it not get lost, or mislaid.

Someone, would carry it through. This, is ones portfolio... this is self-worth. So, one

wants to show self-respect... only those necessary concessions, are allowed. This includes habits... like tobacco, or television viewing... staying productive, is the main self-respect, I choose. I always like myself

better... others like me more, when I am happy with my work. And, this is the best feeling... the sense of 'everything being in order,' in its place, and taken care of... I won't allow, problems, for very long.

Having an real interface, with the world, given to the ordinary citizen... I think, the world's happier, today, than most any other time in recorded history. So many of us, enjoy the thought... that anyone in the world, with an internet connection, can appreciate, these thoughts... I'll forever enjoy using the internet.

Now and then, I like to dispell, the
shadows... which at times, are
encroaching... the mind, is a powerful,
complex thing, when seen over time... we
do not have complete understanding, of
how the mind, works... so, to be an mature
human, sometimes... being a center point,
is the most predominate sense, one gets.

We look upon, and attend to,
manifestations, of the ephemeral lands, to
an extent... which we want to know more
of... secondarily, we don't always
understand, that much about the human
condition, as times pass. As people, we

have one foot, in the material world, and another, within an inner land... while we ourselves, may be known, enough... the mind, yet has dimensional volume... has shadows, and lights. Our eyesight, and senses, provide clues, as to external, or real environments... but the lands inside, the mind... peer through the windows... one finds shades of gray, such little illumination, which most often must come from within the one who wishes, to observe, in the first place. Like others, I wish to know, more of the stars, and planets... or just how, might I find, the ley of the inner lands? The inner realms, are

the future... in one sense... or *the past*, in another... a timeless '*nowhere*,' in still a third. And, we are asked, to be bright, shining stars, or faithful pillars, or all-seeing guides, for those younger, or an struggling peer... then, these three, or more realms, or lands, want to be 'in order,' and in 'symphony,' at least in harmony... before, and all through, all social institutions.

Work, home life, eating, sleeping, recreation, social areas... if someone is 'out of balance,' it becomes immediately apparent... do something, before proceeding. Life calls, us yet, to carry on... to solve, the riddles... to be the best. So,

this is the human condition, generally speaking... the present now, forms, a great deal, of our status... while the past, and future, seem, often, rather distant So, it's in how, we judge things... inwardly, outwardly, and the relationships, of a range of elements, one to the other, in a larger, flowing. So, and just as the human voice, can be musical, so too, can the gestures, of hands, shoulders, hips, feet... help assist, the un-binding, of thought, from an larger, intellectual realm. One is indeed within his or her self... his or her expressions, gesturally, are supportive fabric, and complementary features, to the worlds, of

words... the two dance, and inter-corroberate. Well, I look, upon these things... and notice, that sometimes, during the time of producing, of a written article, experiences can be rather profound. So, there's sort of the question, of just which comes first... the experiential ranges, or the writing? And, isn't there an alchemical connection, and relationship, between the two? Days like today, which serve as catalytic, to writing... are sometimes so much like, journeys, within journeys... moments, and paragraphs, inter-evolve, themselves, into being... layers, within layers, fall away... like chips, and planes,

of marble... to reveal, the form, within the
form... the writing, within the page. And
so, there... why, it's the anamalous,
experience, which spurs me, at wits end, to
divine, to look *within* the empty page, *over*
time. This is empowerment... today, a
completed article, forms cachet... and keys,
to imagination. So, then, if this is an
rewarding, essay, or paragraph, my feelings
afterwards, will be positive... wealth, and
poverty, fade away, into the gladness, of
well-meaning accomplishment.

JOURNEYS TO ADULthood

THE WAYS, OF MY MIND... My senses, show me, facets of living, which I wouldn't know, were I not an active writer. In the course, of writing an article... preliminary, to writing... I travel, distances... within the spaces, upon, and about, my five or six cognitive senses. There's, a manner of speaking, of this... The *process*, of cultivation, of ones self, prior to writing... the sometimes insistent, mechanisms, which bear, in upon the areas about my face. This is really, the interiorscapes, or energy workings, through which creative endeavors, will arise. This is how my

mind, relays to myself, the inward presence, of new work. I revere, this sort of anticipation, of the new. So, then, it is not really a question, of 'wanting to' write, or desiring to, as much as it is a more of a natural, organic, sort of balancing, maneuver... incorporating which ever skills, I am presently working with. My mind, in the course of writing... will right itself... I now stand, upon higher ground. And, this writing, and the administering, and managing of it... is all that is really required. So, now... gifted, through the turns, of providance, I put one foot, in front of the other, and take steps. Big steps, or

small, I place a measure, of faith in myself,
today. So, I am glad, for these new words,
upon my page. I have been thinking, about
the E.T. phenomenon, and the knowing, I
have recently arrived upon, regarding,
these experiences... in all of their variety,
and commonality. Periods, of living...
infancy... childhood... adolescence... early
maturity... full maturity... and old age.
Each stage, of life, has experiential ranges,
varying widely, from individual to
individual... adolescence, is such a time, of
new experience. Schools, peers,
pressures... today's cosmos, has
distractions, same as yesterdays... growing

and changing, is never an easy prospect.

Our minds, and hearts, are often articulated, commonly upon a lasting media... the languages, we use, and digits, of the fingers... can let one use sometimes, powerful, multi-media tools... like a word processor, or digital sound forge... and cross into the worlds of publishing, at very young age. Vast distractions, and distinctions, can surface. Probably, the very best, part of the world of computers, is how, they can have such a grounding, effect, on a person. One squarely, reckons with a computer, and his or her *future*... when he or she knows the keyboard, and it

becomes just a perpetual, mantra... the intricacy, and mind-boggling complexity, of a computer... these tools, really are mandalas, and the internet, is really, the vast OM. So, most people, will arrive, at a place like this, when they are geared, in any way, toward writing... music... photography... graphic design. And, I think this becomes such an centering, for individual. So. And today, young people, get an automobile, and go mobile. *Parents, must pray, teen is not accident prone...* and then, there is *alcohol*, and the other vices.

Things can happen, to a teenager, in crossing distances, of life. Accidents... it is

hard to be prepared, for everything... as so
very many worlds, are colliding. And
people, can be born into this world, with
genetic predispositions, to mental illness,
which may include a proclivity, to a
situational, ethos. Accident cases, and
abuse cases, where trauma exponates...
there is no single reason people begin using
drugs, except due to, or being 'in pain.'
And, aches and pains, can be spiritual...
psychic... psychological worlds, blend over
upon the physical world, in the form of
disarray... disorganisation...
uncleanliness... feelings of being 'not
oneself,' 'underwhelmed, or overwhelmed,

by persistent headaches... and a headache,
can be a vast distraction... felt within the
individuals entire upper half... not to
mention, the awful symptoms, of *restless
leg disorder*... which can impair, an twenty-
five year old, emotionally... making him or
herself so very agitated... in such a vague,
and entirely invisible way... a persistent
gnawing, upon the soul. No one can
understand, what is wrong. A person will
self medicate, or be truly sick. So, the
desert, some traverse, within the decade of
his or her twenties, can become such an
overgrown, and dense and thorny jungle... a
virtual impasse, of dross, and heartache.

So, if someone has a buried, trauma, or injury... he or she, may as time passes, find himself, alienated, both from himself, and his mind... as well, as his or her peers... and seeking those, of different dimension. Un-reconciled, emotional wounding... Yet, here, there, and everywhere... there's love. And, love, has gifted, many a person such as myself... with an alternative, path, up and out of, the dis-ease, of adolescence... love, higher love, can transcend, the old, wounded, worldly, anachronistic realms, which forever have a tug of war, with the good side. Isn't this, an idealism, a more of a centeredness, and interconnectedness,

with Source within... isn't this, what is
proffered, within, the flowing robes, of the
great aeternal, mystic caravans, which have
crawled the land, and sky... since time
immemorial? The lands, within the mind,
of man... it's known, how Earth Time, is
King... 'The Great Bible,' or 'Classic...' one
follows, along the touchstones, and
persuasions... suggestions, upon the heart.
In shining, the lamp, upon... that wall...
whichever is strongest... most lasting... in
the world... one is allowing, and divining
upon the very stones, of the craggy lands,
of Middle Earth... the lands, within, and
just books, and symphonies, are reflected,

back! So... and this, then, is like the bow,
or prow, of the vessel, of mankind...
cutting, through the waves, upon the
surfaces, of Space... the oceans of time,
and emptiness, which percolate, the
heavens. The oceans, of time, and
emptiness... *well, that's the story of one
entire period, of my life!* (The decade, of
my 20s, at least... I'm 39, now; I've not
really been emotionally troubled, much,
any of this decade... I have great sense of
perspective, on myself... my roles, and
boundaries... I'm not really deluded.) So,
these are some thoughts, tonight... I pass
them along to yourself, now.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

I THINK, THEREFORE I AM. I don't have to think too hard, now, to see that, a great many people, see environmental, or ecological crisis... under every stone...

Perhaps, in short... we perceive the ecology, tearing up, or breaking... or spiraling downwards, because we want, to see this. Has, anyone thought, that maybe as a by-product, of the wars, being fought, in places... and that violence... well, we've been a presence, all throughout, seeming

sorely inept, of arresting the pace, of those suicide bombings... I think, we've perhaps, got scarring, or loose feelings, amuck, that

we are the 'responsible parties,' of the world, and therefore, indirectly, to blame.

So, perhaps, then, this, to such a great extent, causes many people in mass media culture, to tend, to see breakage, and end times, in the ecological areas. In other

words, we want to fail, in being successful... and therefore, we do fail.

Regarding, the information, of glacial, melt, and / or rising climate temperatures...

has, anyone thought, how, as our planets mean temperature, has always been

fluctuating... animals... some go extinct, or show genetic variation, in a rise, of 3 or 4 degrees temperature... but, Nature, the constantly adapting great morph, or shape-shifter, has other, perhaps equally or more diverse species which begin showing up, on this planet... hostile, as well as benign, which do better, in a warmer, climate. So, In looking ahead, say, five years... there are probably, a great many of us, whom could be assisted, through therapeutic means, to regaining integrity... of regaining pride, in ourselves... who we are, as Americans, or others of the countries, whom have served, in peacekeeping capacity, in those war

stricken areas. Wouldn't it be a shame, to slip into becoming 'self-fulfilling prophecies?' That would be tragic. So, whoever, you are, learn, to see, that sort of finality, of vision... and recognise it, when you see it... for what it is. Don't be moved, by those, who talk of 'end times...' thats, just stupid, and selfish, to go on that way.

Because, now, we do have responsibilities... *and they are to ourselves.*

Anyways, just some thoughts.

SECURITY

I tell you, there is
no longer

any reason to fear,
for you are securely placed, now,
in the flow of time.

Your actions must be regarded
as your own creations,
for you know well
those powers that would seek
to distract you.

Your mind is free, to be, to live,
forever.

~

But I live for you, now, my friend.

you are like me in every way,
your dreams compatible with mine.

We flow continually;

apart, together,
this time we share
will never disappear.

All love to you,
as friends we are.

LOOKING WITHIN PAST, PRESENT,
AND FUTURE... some times, there's a
way, we have, of '*faith building*,' which is,
the simple 'following of ones bliss.'

Within, my mind, is a sort of visual field,
of past work, past writing... areas, of this
'field,' have more, fullness, and 'staying
power,' more bliss, simply put... this can
relate, directly, to the lands, of intellectual

thought, or verbal, and written expressions.

My mind, has pointers, or direction indicators... like, the bent blade of grass, which shows, which direction, and angle, to place my next step. There is an indication, of stratas, of past light, past thought, which live today, upon the page... as documents of one or another earlier writing. Navigating, ones future, can indeed be, so simple, as 'following ones bliss...' I sketch, around, past times, on the page, looking for 'comfort zones,' those, areas, of bliss. So, this present writing, I happened upon, in flipping through the pages, of previous writing of mine. I loved

it, today... as I laid eyes, upon these
words... so, this is a sensing, of magic
portent. So, I hope, you can perceive, how
I might raise, my low areas, and lower, my
higher portions... this is the bending, of a
supple bow. And, in doing this, I achieve,
a tension, in the string... which can send
the arrow, into the target. And, there's a
feeling, of sure-footedness, in the present,
for musculature, is intellectual... when this
is so, one feels a good sense, of control,
over ones facets, of light... ones reality
sphere. So, then, these dreams, resume
sleep.

HUMORS REPLY

AS ONE GOES ABOUT, TO WRITE, he or she feels more or less confidence, and control, over the words coming onto the page. He has more or less 'vantage,' upon the ideas, being conveyed. As I have come to write, as an antidote, to the sometimes turbulent, rolling, spaces, within my mind... I have learned, my way around, my mind... the page... fairly well. So, if there are any new ideas, I have been seeing, arising to the surface, of my 'higher mind,' over time... when I am more excited, with the ways, my past work, is working, and

being seen, in the world... these things, are
windfalls, which not all writing, from
myself, is really graced with. So, wishing,
to convey these things, to another reader, I
begin sifting, and sorting, through such
thoughts, as will come today. Finding time,
for writing, isn't hard, at all, for myself.
So, here I find, myself, again... peering just
under the surfaces, of my mind... peeling
back layers... seeing, the ways, my humors,
respond, upon being expressed. And, I am
sure, that I know some foundational basics,
of living. The entire universe, is
interactive, as well as all-inclusive. Good,
attracts good. The shortest distance,

between two points, is probably a straight line. And living, itself, has revealed to myself, that being blessed, with an inward, leaning personality, is really, *curse*, yet *salvation*, in navigating of my own life. (Esoteric understanding.) Seeing all of ones relationships, more or less, holographically, (i.e. 'holon,') is an gift, I feel, of maturity. 'Inquiring of the beyond...' can solve some of the riddles, presented in modern spheres of living, as people live together, within underlying matrices. So, things such as this are indeed good to know. Scanning back across my pages, shows me a plethora, of understandings such as these. Secondly,

having a pragmatic, or practicable make-up, makes me more or less functional, within ordinary realms. Less, or more, as times change. Understanding, of ones own limitations, and how, to work, within them, lets me dwell in group relationships, such as this boarding home, or foster home, adequately. Having perspective, is a benefit, not everyone possesses. I consider myself, fortunate, in this regard. I also, know, how there is no inward odyssey, which can match, the simple learning, of the passage of years. Age, equates, in most every way, to maturity. Early experiences, can yet be important, for it can be here that

one learns coping skills, such as writing,
and knowing to write... establishing, a
rhythm, of practice, in writing, is
important, in coaxing thought forth... In
affirming, and confirming ones self, as
practitioner, of writing. Because, living is
centered, around the rhythms of night, and
day. And the seasons of the year. So,
rhythm, rhyme, and harmony... one sees,
then, how things, come together. Songs, are
like spin-offs of life. Someone, like you or
I, looks beneath the surface layers, of his or
her mind... expressive similtudes, peel
back, like onion skins. Layers, within
layers, he or she now sees, are relative one

to the other. When, the session, has been tapped out, he has, something like a stack of pancakes. One, concise, cogent construction, of words, or notes, upon the page. As you see, an article, of writing, like an essay, is so much like a sequential layering, of lines, of thought... first one, then the next just beneath it, right down the page. So, there is distance, upon the page, (flowing words, and lines...) imagistic content, or spirited thought... over time, understandable, to a reader... this is recorded thought. Finding, such things to be self-similar, over time... One puts them in a folder, and calls it a book. Good,

attracts good. Like gives like. Great writers, I think, are probably very self-similar... books are strong expressions, of interconnected sequences, within interconnected sequences. As man is made, in Gods image, so books, reflect their authors. Well, I'll wrap this up, and post on my messageboard. So, I hope someone has been helped.

'STABLISHING TESTIMONY

WHAT, THEN, IS WHOLISTIC LIVING?

Perhaps, those methods, which show us,

that, 'the whole, is contained within any and / or all of the same individual unit constituents.' This way of perceiving, the world, translates outwardly, to a greener world. I think, most successful adults, have come into these ways, of seeing... upon leaving, adolescence... and entering, at first, perhaps timidly, into the professional world. Journeys, of maturity, come in all kinds... all stripes. It might not, be until one is over, the age of 21, that he or she, begins, gradually, to factor himself, into the mature world. This might be, like parting, the waters, of one's career path... simply, making a way for him or her

self, in a chosen field, or direction. The really amazing thing about, this, is that as ones inner life, becomes more pronounced... *as one is slowly, and patiently, setting in place, the foundation stones, for what will later be, a portfolio... a groundbreaking doctoral thesis... a patented revolutionary invention...* as soon, as this gradual process begins, the young adult, may begin to meet up with, and encounter, inner experiences, which far out-measure, anything childhood, and adolescence will have ever shown... one enters, incrementally, upon, the Eleysieum, the Field, of All Time, 'all that which has

ever been,' and eventually, locates, a place
for him or herself, within, which ever
'corridor of ancients,' seems worthwhile.
This self-worth, one feels, upon beginning,
is so crucial, in deciding within which
place, and standing, he or she lauds,
himself... his or her 'required standing.'
This is, I feel, why some people, succeed,
far and away, beyond, so many others. As
maybe one in ten, people, or two, feel 'solar
callings...' genius, is born, as a free thinker,
who can overcome most any obstacle, in
'stablishing, of his or her self, according to
his ancestors. 'You can do, anything you
set your heart upon.' And, then, really, *one*

*is ones own, lasting peace... he or she is
ones own, gathering ocean current,
sending him or her ever further, in service,
of his callings.*

The ways, of wisdom, although more
elusive, truly, than the great burning sun,
above... are found, mostly, through
practice... just how do, we dwell,
sustainably, in group relationships... in
world culture... time, is the the best
teacher... and experience... these truths,
which show one, the natural ease, of a
ballet dancer, turning gracefully, through
well accustomed patterns... finding

attunement, with classic traditions...
connecting, and inter-joining, of rhythmic
expressions. One will have found, the
lamp, to light all his or her ways, when he
learns, to *'say much, while really, only
saying very little... describing, volumes,
while never losing sight of home.'* One
might be amused, at this, yet, now I find it
relevant, to writing... music... graphic
design.

This which, can also elude, our penetrating
eyes, is understanding, of how, each day,
dreamers, *'go where no one has gone
before...,'* allowing, from within

themselves, extensive dreamweavings, and sometimes, whole new realms... genres, categories, movements... these follow, 'the few... the brave,' into the future. But, long, before, the conception, of eventual life path... a young person, begins to 'factor himself in-to,' the adult paradigm... adolescents, and people in their early 20s, look at all of the trademarks... the motifs, archetypes, legends... heiroglyphs... symbols, being expressed everywhere, in everyone... every word, every thing... and sees not, that these things, are directly pertaining, to him or herself. He hasn't figured himself, into the culture. He is

sheltering, yet, beneath the wings, of
childhood. He or she is, an outsider. The
journey, of adulthood, if such takes shape,
as relationship, to the languages, we use...
multi-media tools... photography, cinema...
recorded sounds... pop symbols... as mine
has, more or less... well, eventually, the
person perceives, that the aphorisms, are
all true, 'the only thing, we have to fear, is
fear itself,' for instance... or, 'the only
limitations, are those which are self-
imposed.' Well, things, such as this, show
how, fluency, in style, craft, or design...
can let ones imagination, have full
expression... so if we see, a 'spiritualised,'

world, within our own inner minds, and
lives... then, this can be given, outwardly...
we design, worlds, to match, the visionary
imagination, we have within. I think, the
ancient Egyptians, to name, one group, in
particular... understood, that by, placing the
value, on the individual... monumental, in
singular, aesthetic visionary, permanence,
upon the sands... a seeming, perhaps lapse,
in the functionality, of that which we might
consider, today, the Bauhaus, versions, of
'form following function...', *in actuality, an
spiritual symbol, of power authority, and
ingenuity, set apart from, but intrinsically
defining, the redemption, and hence,*

*prosperity, and lasting stability, and
standing, of an entire peoples.*

And, I would, suggest, a Native American viewpoint, is entirely legitimate, as well... this spiritual nature-loving culture, existed for thousands, of years, developing a civilisation, of ideal-centered harmony, with natural elements. As most, will know, the Native ideal, of the Great Spirit, so far transcended, and outdistanced, that of individual greed, and increasing... Native America cultures flourished for thousands of years, as did those, of the South... Mayans, Incas, Aztecs... the North, the

Eskimo... the western, co-equivelant, to the other great paths, of the East, and the world over. These ancient litmus, and crafted messages, of distinctions, and establishments, and celebrations... harken one and all, to individual responsibility... for this is the direct meaning, of Akasha... of The Great Spirit... of Universal Soul... individual responsibility. Our Enlightenment, brought forth, from the birth of Christianity, right to the first printing presses, the first telescope, trained at Jupiter, to the discovery, of electrical current, and telephony, the automobile, the airplane, the transistor radio... and

computers, and space travel... these have
been tools... through, which, we learn,
personal resourcefulness, and self-
responsibility... When now, the Sun, and
Moon, mark their regular transits, across
the sky... anyone, at all, can feel,
personally, intrinsically, as if he or she, is
component element, of the turning wheels,
of heaven.

And, this then, is todays world.

~

Sometimes, there is a degree, of

uncertainty, which one feels, in passing hours of the day. This may be due to the ways, that nature has habits, and bad patterns, which seem to be so much, like descending, or cascading... there are those, which stumble into the nearest available pot-hole, or mud puddle... one mis-step, and two or three others, will follow. I have previously thought, how chaos, entropy and decline, are sort of second-nature, to those whom aren't guided, as much, by rational intellect. While, I as a person, might easily dodge mis-steps, and cover distances of time, uneventfully, as a person... there are also those, who are beset, with struggles,

psychological issues, and other physiological conditions. While, one such as myself, may be alright, to stay, there will be those, on the slippery slope. So, in looking upon, today's world, I guess, I am indeed sometimes betrayed, or crossed, by conflict, amongst my poetic sensibilities. (My mind, sees always, the similarities, in things. This can be a handicap, as more non-local aspects, sometimes conflict, or clash, with my natural, and learned, associative, metaphoric and symbol-oriented perceptions, in one way or another.) I then must cover distances, in more or less, impoverished ways, as my mind

withdraws, and heals itself, from the loss of wholesomeness and well-being, I need in living. Time, must pass. I have to allow healing energies. My analytical mind, is now applied to questing, upon the simple features, of the recent past. There may be a great amount of suffering, in the world, today, in places... while I myself, am blessed, there are probably many, many people, who might could have fared better, in changing conditions, had they gotten proper assistance, 15 or 20 years ago... then there would probably be a lot less chaos, in todays world. I have recently seen, how while, the natural environments, we live

amidst, in suburb or rural environments,
might be generally placid, and tranquil,
with respect to human beings... those whom
are attuned, to an universal consciousness,
will sometimes find extra-sensory stimuli,
within or about, the five senses, in one
fashion or another... this has been seen to
preceed, or fortell, of external future
conflicts. Times, of tumult or chaos,
perceived from within ones senses... the
inner ear, the areas about the eyes, mouth,
ears, nose, and sinus... this I feel, is an
instinctual mechanism, which can form
clues, as to unfolding realities. Aren't,
these ways of seeing, being, somewhat

super-natural, dimensionally, akin to the animistic wisdoms, of our ancestors? This which we so often, are experiencing, within our minds... these, show how all things, and life, all natural objects, and creations, carry within themselves, a spirit... even such things, as a mountain, a tree, a lake... all life, and matter, carries co-relative spirit, which we can sense, and experience, as times sometimes change, or shift. As human culture, has sometimes tectonic upheavals, and settlings, so to, does the natural heavens, which Earth is part of. We are entirely able, to draw meaning, from these experiences, when they emerge... I

think most of my writing, and other image work, is delved, from animistic impressions, of the greater cosmos, natural life on earth, and human culture, as changes are experienced, within my depth perception, of 'the now.' So, one both draws, personal meaning, and relevance, from ones animistic inner experiences... giving sometimes the 'sense,' or 'fore-sense' of external conflict... and also, we might grow, along with these perceptions, along paths, of literature, or music, or art... even finding new chapters, to ones writing, as cultural strata, sometimes change, and shift. So, and I know, these things, by

now... those times, of transitioning, or
changing... say, from young adult, to full
maturity... these sometimes, can be drawn
upon artistically.

~

As one goes about, to look within his or her
heart, he may feel more, or less good.

Most every, article, I write, comes from a
place, of psychic dis-comfort... my writers
mind, can be so distinct, from my more or
less comfortable, psychologies. One
writes, usually, from a somewhat fractured
(sensation-wise,) or divided, dualistic sort

of mind. Use, your imagination, now, and see how... ones self, is an organism, with many distinct parts... as a time for writing, arises... the waters, of my within, take on ethers... which can so much be like, a knot, of interpolations, within a matrix. Voices, and visions, swell, with latency... gaining a sort of tactile definition, and shape. If my mind, is like a field... then, as I move to my word processor, and start writing... higher consciousness, within myself, considers, the past-present-future flux, or crucible, which is, the creation of a newly written article... while, looking afore, and behind, simultaneously. I might, have no clear

idea, why my mind feels divided, this or that day... and will be feeling, a sort of diffuseness... and so, will be questing... hours, stretch out... then, just as I start to feel, the day, is a complete loss, I'll see, a ray of light. Really, the moment, when writing, becomes a real possibility, and I get to a computer... well, the hard part, of the work, is behind me. A morning, and afternoon, of asking myself, 'why?...' and really struggling, to fathom, the nature, of my plight, through whichever psychic pretenses, are at hand... is the requisite tithe, needed to gain forgiveness, and admission... into a new paragraph. I

always, tend to forget... writing, like this,
is easy... when things, are in order. This
writing, then, alone, suffices, for answering
to the mornings, discomfort. It can't help,
but be, an answer. This is really, the being,
of ones own best friend... through faculties,
about ones self... lengthy waking dreams,
when, this is what today reveals... can be
transmuted, into something, more free from
stain. So, I just won't have any answers,
until requisite fee, has been met. So, and
today, as I write... I am really, looking, on
the sunny side. There's just no sense, in
my talking on the page, about the
immediate issues, presented, by the day at

hand. It can be easy, to see the glass, as half-empty... but this is disqualifying, ones self, from what could instead, be a purer sort of gold... a distillate, or re-finishing, of the veritable, emerging day and age, pertaining, to my class... my kind... In putting, these experiences, onto the page, why not, allow guidance, by subtlest, of lights, to allowing, only 'that which rings true,' conveys the experience, while refraining, from being referential... one would, admit, the timeless, onto the page, before he or she would, allow, the dull, or distracted. And it's this timeless quality, which leaves little, room for argument, on

the page... which promotes, the best feeling, afterward. And this has to be, showing relationships, amongst basic fundamental, ideas, constructs, or objects... as we pray for understanding, so can we be given, answers. And this is often, a sort of a duad... showing how, altering, of the one, leads to change, within the other... And, perceptions, can be so important... for when one sees oneself, as a lighthouse, or beacon... then he or she really finds recompense, from within his or her own make-up... and as a ship, is guided to the harbor, writer, then, experiences sweeping inner changes... he has, found his purpose...

a more properly, inalienable, satisfaction.

The positive rewards, from writing, are really the third, part of the equation, as it can be found.

DIVISION A DEI

WHEN ONE DESIRES, TO SAMPLE,
the waters... of his or her within... he or she, might just arrange, his sitting position, near a computer keyboard. In placing, hands, upon the keys... he can conceive of a better perspective, with respect to his or her mind. So, I will sense, an immediacy... within the relationship... or, alternatively, a

more of a distance, aspect. Relationships, to the language... as well, as to the flow of time... past, present, future..., looking farther, out... or more closely, within the present moment. There really, becomes, such a real sort of certitude... tactile sensations, about the five senses, tend to divide, ones conscious awareness... so, writing, itself... might be rather like 'man against nature...' or an sort of 'elemental struggle...' while, ones entire self, may well be seen, as a field... with no irregularity... beyond learning, and experience... these facets, which shape, ourselves... the sensations, about 'the five senses,' are such

like an 'division bell,' an 'division a Dei,'
search for God... to borrow the Latin... so,
is this, then like, an effect, which might be
learned from, upon, or reflected, upon... I
think, the answer is definitely, yes. So, I
think the crux, or inward, pushing, upon,
ones consciousness... is a kind of coming to
bear, of many possible realities,
simultaneously... past... present... future...
upon conscious awareness. A sort, of
spiritual materialism, I feel... or the static
rewards, of inactivity, the passage, of
time... sans ongoing, or effort, or being,
just in resting mode... and this materialism,
especially, having self - made, creations

about oneself... we don't always, find
ourselves, completely, in sync, with the
ranges, of facets, of time, which, co-dwell,
upon this planet, our evolving portfolio...
imagine, some writing, or music, is more...
or less, referential, pertaining to external
objects, beings, ideas, concepts,
constructs... in mentioning, a real, or
concrete, external form, or object, within
an article, or book... the writer, then,
becomes, distantly, related, unto, such
concepts. Metaphorically, or allegorically,
there might be a similarity, between,
forms... and therefore, then, one
comprehends, at times, aspects, of being, in

time, pertaining to such ideas, or objects.

So, I am frequently, party, to sort of an alien world, of abstract, sorts of 'not self,' pushing inward, about my ears, or eyes, or

nose, or voice area... this concept, 'not self,' is useful, to apprehend, that which in u.f.o.logy, might be termed, implants, or devices... being inserted... although, so to speak, by that, which I would, however term, a more of a tactile, sensation... like, a boundary, or point, bearing inward, upon, say ones inner ear, or cochlea... I think, the tympanic nerve, which carries vibrations, from ear-drum, to brain, is sensitive, as to air fluctuations, or quantum, variences, in

the electromagnetic waves, about all life.
So, and this particular writing, well, most
of my own writing, tends to be composed,
and written, around a nearness... topically,
or a closeness of expressive content... it's
non-referential... it's self-similar... writing,
pertaining to that same writing... or the
process, of its creation... the times, it
enmeshes... or the similtudes, which the
writer, is seeing, and experiencing, with his
or her inward, consciousness... while
writing. Consciousness, is an amazing fact,
to ourselves... the flow, of time, is just such
an relative, thing... past, present, and
future, are, directly, inter-related...

impressions, blend, amongst one another,
and one can see, sometimes, a sort of
unified flux... which is like a *field* of
time... at times, I've spoken of past, present
and future, being one and the same... this is
the conclusion, which could be inferred, by
impressions, gleaned, from such art, as
writing... all things, lead forward, and
backward... temporally, an existence of a
concept, seen as pertainant, to present
writing... *an 'in process' artwork... has
veins, or rays, extending backwards and
forwards in time... and, perhaps,
proportional, to the same writings, or
topics', importance...* this is a quote, by

another thinker, or writer... I believe, it applies to most all art with clearly defined boundaries. And, this can be confounding, to experience, and see... but this makes such no less, an actual facet of consciousness.

~

I would like to write about, diminishing polarities... for in these outrageous times, my mind sometimes feels so divided, or broken... I so need, the feel of the wide open spaces, to be found out of doors. Our ancestors, (not so long ago,) lived in a

mode of complete unity, with the natural universe. You had a homestead, and a little land... in many ways, mass production, was only a glimmer, in peoples eyes... as recently as the 17th century... peoples spent quite a lot of time outdoors, in open air.. imagine, how good, living would feel... Sitting, on the front porch, late into the night, on a country road... Going back indoors, for coffee... I think that mass production, of the goods we use in day to day living, such as computers... appliances, (which become junk,) are produced, and used in not just a few, but many homes and businesses... and, put in service of our

homes... The human condition... to be a manufacturer, of goods or services, of many thousands of peoples homes... it must be so very easy, to lose touch, with this earthy, kindred, grass-roots goodness, many people take for granted. Acres of land are clear cut, and bulldozed, to build a factory... yet this is just the humble beginning. Factories can produce waste, such as chemical burn-off, or waste water... one hundred workers create sewage... the more you think, about, this alienation from the grass-roots ecologies of the natural environment... just the more imposing, the idea becomes... for companies are overseen

by management... the ills, the aches and pains, which a management leadership level person faces, eventually, must become enormous. I can empathise. I think, there must be just millions of folks in the world today, who have simply, over time, placed themselves at odds with the natural ecologies... just how, may we help people raise themselves, up from the depressive living situation, in which they have found themselves... back into more wholesome orientation, with just the smallest, timid yard birds, which approach, in a suburb environment. Okay, many people, have wounded pride... seeing themselves, not as

the good stewards, of earths natural
resources, which they want to be... instead,
as over-worked, endorphine starved,
betrayers, of the relationship, which the
child knows is sacred... the teen tends to
forget... the twenty year old ignores, and
the adult, exploits. Well, then, who is to
bring these ones, into better harmony, with
natural elements? I think, it is that one,
which encourages, above all, the getting
out of doors... at least an hour each day,
with soothing music, and finding
alignment, with the breezes, drifting
beyond, the narrow confines, of the
constricted indoors consciousness, up and

out, to the vast sky above. Spending, a night alone, or with a friend, on a mountaintop... and remembering to be receptive, to new insights. Very important things have come to me this way. Nature, has voices, and powers, which far surpass, our keening eyesight... the great mood, you'll find yourself within, as you climb in your sleeping bag at night, is anticipation, of answers, and restoration. This is just that which a mountain, can do. I had so much less appreciation, as a teenager, in Scouts... we went on a camping trip each month, because it was something to do... we just weren't conscious, of the need, to

keep the ties, strong... we hadn't yet found ourselves, without. So, if you are, without the quality of contentment, which comes with having answered, to your spirits yearning, to be closer, to the land... then I encourage, you now, to make time. Find a quiet spot, preferably alone... and sit silently contemplating the trees... the sky far above... the cool breezes, of Spring, if the weather's nice... you'll find, as I have, that all life on Earth, is intricately interwoven... Nature, believes in you, when you believe in yourself. To travel, without trying to keep, the balance intact... is just to loose touch, with one's soul.

OLD, AND NEW

HAVING UNDERSTANDING, OF THE

PAST, is the best way that I know, to advance into the future. To look upon a broad panorama of past events brings to the present a sense of perspective that helps keep everything in its rightful place. So, tonight, as I try to evoke, some subtler colors and hues from my pages, I wish to look, at where I've been. So, one tends to set forth a premise, or reason for being. Within this lies a future essay... in the setting forth of observations, it can be

helpful to have a known place to begin. Drawing upon past discoveries, one finds couplets, and further couplets. Like a turning wheel, showing primary colors. Each color represents, another perspective of flow. In this way, one may arrive at a goal. Having a clear plan, for writing... this is akin to the riddle being solved, already. Question implies answer. To ask is to receive. In following ones bliss, may one attain to utmost flexibility. In the articulating of thoughts such as these, one is showing, his or her self possible byways, to bliss. As a color wheel turns, first to the red, then the blue, then the green, so do the

different perspectives conmingle. The present moment... and that which rests behind. The present now, can be compared to a flower, continually blossoming from within itself, gradually evolving outward and upward. To look back, is to perceive downward into the heart of the flower, back into the mists of the past. The now can be compared to a pyramid, with the present moment forming its cap, or apex, and recent months, and years receding down to its base. From where will I draw sustenance tonight? Where shall I find inspiration? What ethereal image, will attract my minds eye, bring color to my

thoughts, spreading warmth throughout?
The past, forms a tapestry, of shades and
hues... where to begin? With love, all
things become possible. No height is
unattainable. Genuine self love is not
composed of words, but exists silently,
knowing and understanding. To give back,
is to receive again. To hold tenderly ones
interior essences, with an open heart and
mind. To work upon future plans,
weighing, deciding. How will my future
go? What things will I show myself? Can
I make rational decisions now, for the best
possible results? I weigh things. What has
happened in my life? What things have

changed? Do the sounds of the night
breezes still evoke resonances within?

Does distant thunder still give me a
giddiness? Am I the same person I was a
year ago? Now, come with me, upon the
journey of life. Be still with me... move
with me... be silent with me... and make
sounds with me. We'll watch the oceans of
distance vanish, time, and time again.
We'll hold hands on this Earth, sharing
everything. My every thought is yours for
the asking.

~

When one goes to look within, upon the written page, he or she will have, then, already overcome, the primary obstacles, separating himself, from the written page.

I've learned to understand, that my conscious mind, can have, really, a range of distinct functions, or methods, within which I pass time... active, and reflective... alert, and distracted... experientially, or creatively... and these methods, then... are features, of my 'writers mind...' times of increasing, and times of expressively cognizing, putting thoughts together, upon the written page. The living experience, today, leads me to write. During the

reflective hours, I'm in a sort of passive, receptive holding pattern, looking, for shelter, from the storm. So, this can be a time, of experiential growing. But eventually, realising the impracticality, and fruitlessness, of this way, (as hours stretch out, reflectively, there might not be much bliss... or I'm very conscious, more so, then, of aches and pains... eventually, I've had enough! ...I will turn, consistently, to my word processor, eventually.) When I can signify, a patch of time, say, three days, of reflectively absorbing, and experiencing, simply through writing, you see, this can be meaningful, beyond, even,

the immediate present. So, one benefits, ones own standing, and account, through placing, words onto the page. So, then, positive feelings, flow inward, if only, from the clear value, of an individual perspective. I think, we people, like new thoughts, (i.e. new permutations, of old, worn, or time tested ideas...) ...as it doesn't, always matter, who wrote it, so much as when it was written. This is important, as men and women, we believe, are all created with certain inalienable rights... when, a persons mirror, is clean, and clear, then the moment, the day, and time, will come through, more so, than individual

distinction. This is an important thing, to see... we have a culture, in the Western hemisphere, which holds ideals, such as equality... between the sexes, for instances, or peoples, of different color of skin, or ethnic background... (equality is an ideal, we keep, and cherish...) the mature mind, eventually, discovers, a common ground, where compassion and righteousness, do indeed factor in, predominately, over prejudice, or superstition, societies expectations, or even caste. (This is basically, the culture, of the healthy professional... while, sometimes, there will be one, who slips, and then struggles... he

or she should know, there will be the out-reached hands, he might hold onto, in regaining better footing.) So, these, are a just a few thoughts, upon finding commonalities, today... things seen, and kept, in writing. Hope someone has been helped.

~

The mesh, of information subculture.... through which we reflect upon, and allow, broader intelligences, amongst ourselves... we're more than we appear, on the surface. Possessing love... having oneself, in tempo,

with an established rhythm, of practice, in
a chosen path, or way... is allowance, into
understanding, of ones own heart. Through
writing, I might express, classical models,
and themes, in so far, as I am well versed,
in holding to attunement, within myself...
and within, also, the greater heavens. One
hopes, to discern, upon the written page.
He may want, to save, to a folder, pieces,
of unfinished writings, which might,
otherwise, prove elusive, and slippery, in
looking back... pertaining to experiences,
of the greater cosmos, and which ever else,
the awakened geosphere, can tend to
perceive... presciently, upon his inner

conscious awareness. The word, used here... prescient... this is a form of usage, of the word prescience, (foreknowledge, or fore sense, of future times.) Often, my inner impressions, show a sort of energetic, rhythmic pulling, this way and that, over and across, areas of tactile, personal inter-relevance... so, then, the medicine thoughts, which I would choose, tonight, might could dismiss, and forgive, the days inner experiences... and send them on their way. I am deciding, the content, and wording, of a new piece of writing... as far as I am concerned, my reactions, to living today, will usually, gradually, include,

writing, and knowing to write. (Ordinarily,

I'm not going to let living overwhelm myself... I will write... this comes to bear, upon my minds eye, as I cross distances, reflectively divining, that which shall be included, or covered, in one or another written article, or essay. So, which comes first, the chicken or the egg... the experiential ranges, or the writing...) There is beauty, and innocence... joy, too, in being born human. The verve, of this... To the children of tomorrow... there are wonders so vast and awesome... if we can but believe in them. The truth, as far as I can see, is: *If I can see it, I can be it.* So,

to understand how basic tools work, and to feel a commonality with your fellow men and women, is to succeed. There is no such thing as fate. Our lives are governed by our decisions: when, where, how and why. So, while growing older, can be like turning the pages of a favorite book, one can turn back to the beginning, decide for oneself, 'Who am I?' 'And, who shall I become?' And see our dreams unfold. To be a writer, or musician is to shape ones own future, its quality, substance, and flow. You'll learn to be your own mother, as you gradually climb up from adolescence into maturity. And one day

you will look back, and oh, the tales, your pages, will tell. One truly, never really knows what the heart will have to say, on any given day. You want to approach the blank page tenderly, like a familiar friend, to feel and see the words flowing like a river, filling up the page. There's never any sweeter moment, than when you finish a new piece of writing, and feel like some valuable things were said. That is truly a pleasure. I guess, really, in writing, one draws upon past experiences in space-time, or within the psyche... places you have been... plateaus, canyons, rocky paths and smooth. (So, we might, incorporate earlier

writings, earlier impressions...) So in writing to you now, within me I am scanning over the past few days, and weeks... months, and years... to see just what has been going on with me, and with my writing... and to look for poetic meaning, to the tapestry of days. Looking back... what a pleasure it is. To remember the past, is to detach from ones sensory umbilical cord, to become fully immersed in the oceans of the within. My hand writes, as the inspiration flows. My body temperature rises. I get the sense of being wrapped in warm blankets, completely at ease. This is nice in the fall, or winter.

Bringing quiet spirits inward, for whatever the reason, is really an end in itself. Like descending a staircase, going down, down into the cellars, the basements of your mind, one finds oneself in the half-light, the musty underground feelings rising. Glaring lights give way to soft shadows. Chills, queasiness, aches and discomforts fade completely, as tranquility comes into being. This is where I am at this moment, now, sculpting my thoughts, molding and shaping, the flow of moments, focused, however, on the leading edge of my thoughts, turning them, shaping them.

FINE ARTS:: LIBERTY, OR ENSLAVEMENT

EARLIER THIS YEAR, I HAD FOUND
AN INTRIGUING ARTICLE, on the
subject of quantum effects, such as
entanglement, and tunnelling, and how our
sense of smell, may have quantum effects,
such as these, as its basis. Another
example, given by the writer, was that of
photosynthesis, in plant life... energy
within plants, created by light falling upon
chloryphyll, organises itself, and
determines the optimum pathway, before
beginning its journey, to the specific

energy receptor, where metabolism can occur. These two examples, the writer theorized, show how, *quantum effects, can be found to occur, at a macro level...* This was, the basic gist, of the article... a previously unseen quantum effect, at the macro level, coming to light as we examine more deeply, that which is already known.

And, then the writer, went further, by surmising, that it's just such a possibility as this, which suggests that our *consciousness awareness*, can retain integrity, and cohesiveness, and give rise to another stage of existence, at time of death. So, our beliefs, and support of theories of the

afterlife, or some or another continuation, of 'dream life,' are perhaps not unfounded.

These aspects, I might speculate, are perceptions, of the soul, itself... the (Gnostic?) paths, which show, how, in general, understanding, and awareness of 'all things under heaven...' all learning, or knowing, always and forever, resides within the heart and mind of each and everyone... the human souls' latencies, are boundless... we just sometimes, would want to awaken, to those particular symbols, ideals, meanings, and knowledges, which might have slipped into dormancy, or recession, at time of physical embodiment,

on Earth. And, so, an writer, in negotiating, of his or her own paths, on the page, can be seen, at times, to trace outlines, of shadow phenomena-- which may or may not, be indicative, of larger concerns-- or his or her style, or styles, might be less or more uniform, or professional... there might, be more, or less areas, of stress, in composing... the beginning gestures, used to start, an article, might be rockier, or less positively stable... so the writer, should make sure, that the light be stronger, than the heavy, or the relationships, can be like enslavement.

There is a peculiar affect, which

intellectual cultures, can encounter, which can give even a diligent reader, a fright, if gone awry. Overexposure, to a single writer, by the reader, without instead other perspectives, or otherwise without diversity, of thought and perspectives, and voices, having been heard, *can sometimes produce, a fear, or a perceptual anomaly, or simple organic issue...* a sense of entanglement, or lesser quality experience, or loss, of integrity, within reader. Such as this, are par for the course... in creative cultures. This, too, I can see, could be the writers un-doing, if allowed to perpetuate, in a culture, or system, inhabited by both

writers, and readers. So, I can think back,
and find instances, wherein I have been
intimidated, by seeming imminence, from
within other writers, (Usually, more or less
eccentrics,...*iconoclasts*...) I have read, in
the past... (Times, when my footing grew
unsteady, just by over-focus, upon one
writer, or cognitive system, evidenced on
the page...) I know, however, and trust,
that the occasional imbalances, which can
sometimes be generated, as writers are
read, and re-read in these sometimes
changing times... will usually, right
themselves, and minds regain stability, of
their own accord... as diversity, of thought

and opinion, is found instead. (How might this aspect tie in to quantum biology, or how might those effects, be related...) The words, we use, to communicate, in language, are tools-- only tools-- not *owned*, nor *ownable*... but in writing, one has to *know thoroughly, the words being used*... They become elusive, and slippery, as one tries to gain exclusive propriety, of one or more words... they just want to be gracefully referenced, tools, used, by the writer. So, heaping baggage, upon one or another word, or language expression, is never easy, never a good thing. This is an foremost, idea, in choosing a title... for a

new song, say, or essay... is the chosen title, compassionate, and considerate, to the attendant word-families, which it represents... and is it in harmony, and sympathy, and symphony, with the other energies, shown within the media, or art form. And then, the words, within the essay, or song... are they, for all practical purposes, solely conception, of the writer, who is actually composing... and not parts of pre-disposed external relationships, or non binding, associations.

**YOU ARE
NOT ALONE**

I RECENTLY, LOOKED THROUGH SOME MATERIAL, I had saved from an online library. *'Are ET and UFO experiences quantitatively real, or not?,'* this, the writer suggested, is basically a moot question. These are pretty common experiences, *within the adult mind*, which ask that the experiencer, re-examine his or her human identity... which demand, that he or she, re-appraise himself, from a cosmic perspective... *such experiences, being inherently, profound, deep, inward, and sometimes intensely complex, and varied, on a basic level.* The insular

worldview, sees him or herself, as alone, in these experiences... as somehow 'different' from his or her peers, on Earth. i.e. '*I am alone, in life... no one can relate.*'

However, a more of a *healthy*, perspective, in a Seer, that he or she is *not the only one, who sometimes struggles..* distinctions, and class differences, lead one to think, along the lines, that he or she belongs, simply, in a land of, '*time out of time,*' that his or her experiences, are narrowly, confined, to his, or her mind, and perspective... *that his present now, is qualitatively distinct, from that of others, in his group, or that he is alone, within his culture...* that it is only,

the individual perspective, having intense,
or extraordinary, or cosmic-leaning,
experiences within his mind, in culture.
Adolescents, and people in their 20's... as
well, as the established, media writer, or
just common denominator, sorts of
students, professionals, and retirees, within
culture, sometimes find themselves in
places like this. I think, that this
relationship... the adolescent, unto the
mature... the insular, unto to the more
enlightend human being, is a *qualitatively*
real sort of distinction. Cosmic re-
appraisal, *identity crisis*, is common. The
personal roles within family environments,

in my view, are to bring, the insular member, into understanding, that *he or she isn't the only one*, having, and living with dreams, and sort of extraordinary inner experiences. They're part of the human condition, more or less frequently, or occasionally. Others, *within ones own culture*, also experience such a present, cosmic moment, in a greater, or lesser informed, or enlightened, or connected, sort of way. This isn't the Dark Ages.

The Age of Enlightenment, in Europe, which began in, or around the 5th century, of the second millennium, following the birth of Christ, and so forth... *followed*

after 1500 years, of oppression,
superstition, and rule of religion, and
beliefs... absent, to an extent, from the
consciousness- raising sciences, such as
biology, and astronomy, and sociology, and
paleontology... not to mention quantum
physics, astrophysics, and computer
science, which look at information,
pertaining to the very fabric of time,
itself... the basic human conditions, and
roles, of universal mind, and
consciousness. Philosophy, the fine arts,
and folk art... such as herbalism, and
gardening, and the folklorish areas, of the
Cupid, archetype, seem to me, to have

been, the main reprieves, for those wishing to be freer, or more alternative. *Rhythm, and rhyme...* the Sun above, making regular transits through the sky... the passages of the *changing seasons, and signs, of the Zodiac...* grew to be known, and learnt of, from antiquity.... unto the Far East, and Near East, through those 'mystic tradions,' *too diverse, and numerous to name...* of soothsaying, and, through such arts as Vedic Astrology, and Tibetan Buddhaism, and maybe to a lesser extent, throughout, the agrarian arts, of cultivation of grains, such as rice... and *correspondingly, unto most of Asia, Europe, and the lands to the*

west, of the Americas... mainly as the passed down learning, and inner schools, of folklore, and traditional ways of doing things... which later developed, as the farmers almanac, and has been passed down, as common knowlege, in arable lands. *It was really, the development, of the printing press, which gave modern culture, its go-ahead.* This, of course, was followed by the rapid development, of a consumer-based society... within which mass production, and marketing, particularly, since the advent of radio, and telephony, and television, brought *highly engineered, styled, and marketed, products,*

to everyone, throughout most all strata, of culture. And, in my view, it's just this mass-media, mass-production economy, where more or less temporal, art forms, and media, are present... maybe more so, than previously in recorded history.

Architecture, fine art, such as painting and sculpture, and literature have essentially, followed the civilisations, within which they accompany... the really modern, elements, in the picture, however, are the trends toward mass-production, and mass marketing... began by printing shops, in towns, and accompanied by the invention, of assembly-line production, in the Western

Hemisphere, today termed the industrial revolution... which, I think has had parallells, in each primitive culture, found since the iron age, and the perhaps earlier basket factories and pottery kilns, which were in occasion, in large communities. Native American paleolithic tribes, and others, I believe had pottery factories, and assembly-line basket weaving and the milling of grain, have been found, in primitive cultures, and early civilisations... bartering, and trading, and coinage may have been found in other places. And, making up, the backdrop, for all these human cultures, and traditions, has been

what is today known as the *Turning of the Ages*, the more than twenty-five thousand year time period, required, for the seasonal Solstice midpoint, upon the night-sky horizon, to move throughout all of the signs of the Zodiac, and return to where began, corresponding unto the orbital plane, of the Earth, around the Sun, slowly rising, and falling, and rising out of the plane of the Milky Way Galaxy. Ancient cultures, in some instances, such as the Egyptian, and Hindu had marked this out, this long, looping cycle, and so temples were oriented, with architectures, suggestive of this cosmic order. Presently,

we're a little more than a decade, along into what could be accurately termed, the New Age, so it's little wonder, that cosmic re-appraisal, and re-analysis of identity, found within the mind, following, anomalous, or phenomenal experiences, the lurking, sometimes questions of lost time incidents, sightings of objects, appearing in the sky, and time-travel experiences, of all kinds, including abduction, which seem to some, to be half-recollected, from the past... as if from a dream, are talked about so often. So, and the modern world, presently... the sometimes questing, and grasping for a closure, to one or another inner experience,

or alienation from wholeness, and well-being... the compartmentalization, of society... due to the vast areas, of information subculture, lying just beneath the surface, of individual inner consciousness, brought through the medium, of the internet... these human conditions today, in places, just aren't helping. And in a culture, of arts, and media... in a consumer economy, which has had really, so much sort of far-out, information, from astronomy, from quantum physics... the plight of so many peoples worlds today, in war stricken areas... to readily accessible information,

about the local group, of stars, which make up our patch of milky way, and the U.F.O., and fortean worlds, found in this modern world... with new advances, in technology, nano-technology, quantum physics, and space flight happening daily... that these things, are happening with such frequency, just doesn't help much. So, again, it's the human condition, in the modern age, which exists, within a time of astrological, seasonal change, and newness... it's no wonder this cosmic re-analysis, of identity, is so common, in the world today... one is not alone, in these experiences.

~

When I was about 17 years old, I had a crisis. I had discovered weed, thoroughly reasearched the 1960s, and especially the Beatles, had grown a little, and found, eventually those musicians from that period, (whom I shan't name expressly,) whom I thought had all their signposts directed inwardly, and began more serious consideration of my own self... my mind, and self as a whole. My parents had lovingly arranged my college education, but with my decidedly inward path, my freshman year, just about all I learned was

art history. (I found the university library, of course, and devoured the two sections, of it I found attractive... metaphysics, and art history. Nothing much else could interest me, except weed, and the endless music I had going in my apartment non-stop. So naturally, I flunked out. My father, in his kindness, and wisdom, read my sudden change of heart, as times drew to a close, on that period of my life, to be worth exploring with myself. So, he agreed to let me change my major, and switch to his old alma mater, elsewhere in the state in which we live. So, to the other state university I went, changing my major,

from broadcast and film communication to graphic design, (following my Dads footsteps,) and at a world renowned art school there. Here, I left grass far behind, and had an excellent first year. I mean, I wasn't making straight As, but at least I had completed what had been asked of me. I seemed to like myself better, also, and eventually, found the public radio station, and heard space music for the first time. So, now, my wheels began to turn, and I found myself after my other classes, taking up a practice room piano, in the school of music there. So, right away, I realised I could carry my jam box and record myself

on longish meanderings, on audiotape, and
a new idea took hold of me. So, studies,
started slipping, again, as my space
improvisations, on tape, of myself, dealt
myself a nervous breakdown, as I
subconsciously anticipated the event, of the
Los Angeles earthquake, of the Fall, 1989,
by at least a month. *I just wasn't worldly
wise enough, to know to read the signs.*

So, then, proceeded to enter into more
serious consideration, of the being of
myself, having inadvertantly stumbled into
problems with strange headaches, which far
outmeasured, anything I could have
conceived of... I had no idea, what was

wrong, with myself...

I moved back to the college town of the first university, I had attended, because I knew some friends there would let me stay, until I could find a proper place to live. I got a job doing good work at a grocery store... unloading trucks, of groceries, and putting them on the shelves, at night. I later got a job near there at a town up the road, as a field assistant at a Native American monument, which has a museum, and a laboratory, (my musician housemate, with whom I shared the rent, was actually then curator there, and he managed to get me the position.) There, I had numerous

experiences, in going on archaeological survey crew teams, (say, to ok a transit line, for a new freeway, or say, if a power line, was being put in. The company, had to make sure, there weren't indiginious sites, where they wanted their pipeline.)

When I wasn't on the road, surveying, (walking transits, and scouring ground for surface evidence, like potshards, or flint tools,) for a week stretch, at a time, I had a stall at the lab, where, I was given reports, and did up nice looking illustrations, and maps, of features, indicated, on usually, a crudely sketched field note. These were included in the finished reports, which

were printed, and became archaeological records, and history.

There, too, I eventually, had a complete breakdown, but had three years, of good experiences. I quit my job, packed up my worldly belongings in my Corolla wagon, I inherited from my late uncle, and moved back to my hometown. By this time, my Dad had realised, I were a student of life, and so, we developed a more mature relationship, as I was re-hired, proofing galleys, (laser printouts,) at a phototypesetting company, there. I had worked there, before going to school for freshman year, where I had flunked. I was

a good proofreader, however, and did alright, until I was handed an project, a little over my head. I tried to do my best, but found my self too distracted, and flustered, to keep track of it. So, I went back home to my small apartment, my last day there, and settled in. I had an imitation Gibson hollow body guitar, ('Star Force,' was the manufacturer,) and a pint sized Marshall amplifier. I soon found myself sinking into a lengthy experience, a complete consciousness expansion, and grew throughout those sleepless months. When finally the experience lifted, I was left with such a gnawing on my soul... I

had clearly seen for myself, far too many mysteries, than my 24 year old self knew what to do with. I was, however, so glad at the merciful normalcy, of my conscious mind, and mind. However, I had restless leg disorder, and was occasionally subject to what I term brutal experiences, within which I grew to understand, that waking conscious integrity, is only through grace...

I pretty early had met, up with an inner absolute, simply, far more powerful than myself. I now, also know, that beings, and powers, of mind, such as elementaries, what some might call waifs, or dryads, have ourselves, being mortal, at their

complete mercy. So, since, the early 1990s, for myself, its all been a 'state of grace.' Pride, has virtually no place within myself... today I consider myself, a citizen of the world, of the galaxy, and ask only that the wiccan 'harm none... do what you will,' be my guide, and rule.

So, here you have a brief encapsulation, of years, since my high school graduation.

The rest, the reader can imagine. (You probably know, then the sorts of things I like, and those which will have nothing to do with.) So, I'll post this, tonight, and hope the best is seen.

SPINDLES, OF EPHEMERA

AN EPHEMERA, IS A CHART, which an astrologer can reference, in divining transits of astrological bodies, their changing zodiac signs. An ephemeris, would be for the Northern Hemisphere, or the Southern night sky, and might span an entire year, as an almanac would. Those who don't think of themselves as astrologers, or those who don't have pronounced interest, in knowing of astrology, still carry, I believe, in their mind, an unconscious, or subconscious

ephemera, which clues him or her, into sometimes tectonic, rates of change. So, this, I feel, is sort of like myself... I arrange, just every arena of my life, to a greater or a lesser degree, in accordance, partly, with cosmologic cycles. Not always consciously... for sometimes, this is unconscious. I have in recent years been shown, how, this is the way I am... through reading, such as that which can be found in the literature, of others. So, I'm grateful, for those who would speak, intelligently. I have shown, this unto myself, partly through my own self-analysis... in the same ways, one might discern subtleties, from

looking at his or her own dreaming life. So, what one might find at this website, could be looked at, as my own inner dream life... for my dreams, have for years, assumed persona, and approached, consciously. Perhaps, all of this, is directed, to the moment to moment consciousness expansion, of whomever might read. Other writers in this genre, one might recollect, from remembering the sub-culture, of the 'beat,' generation, and the decade, of the 'hippies.' These are works, which also, echo the writings of the Transcendentalists, and visionaries, of the 18th and 19th century, literary worlds, such as William

Blake, Wordsworth... Whitman... these writers entertained, the blank page, often from within, an altered, or 'transcendent' state of mind... and espoused values, such as freedom from stereotype, prejudice, injustice...just all the woes of living, and were sometimes, solitary, sometimes more communal, in living. Also, Naturalism, or an kind of wholistic literary relationship, topically, with the natural environment, was to be seen. So, anyway, I haven't really much on my mind, today... but just to connect, for those who may ponder, as my own stream-of-consciousness, may have led me to now. An ephemera, can

reveal clues, as to astrological configurations... the writing here, might be for no greater purpose, than *collective introspection*... of effects brought about, by orientations, of the sun, moon, planets, and stars, to the earth, and life on earth. The ephemeris, for myself, also, is a conveyance, of matters, pertaining to most any system, undergoing change... as future tectonic shifts, and settlements... be they astro-logical, geophysical, or within human culture itself, show up, within myself, as a tactile, rhythmic pulling, or stretching, about the neural signals, I find from within, my inner ear, or cochlea. So, sometimes, I

will readily grasp, just what, especially, my interior ephemeral senses, are relaying, to myself... at other times, I won't find the key, to the future, from within my mind... I

will just have a sort of prescience, of something... but I won't know, just what.

A steady, constant frictional motion, of water, has formed the canyons, and mesas, found in the American Southwest, and elsewhere, on the planet, over time... a gradual wearing away, and erosion, began by ancient water flows, such as rivers, which shape, these things. These natural formations, such as found in North America, might have originally began,

following some great deluge, as earlier ice ages, tapered off... the last ice age, and others, in previous epochs, would have all played pivotal roles, as their successive run-offs, of ice melt, from continental glaciers, and ice shelves, at higher elevations, has time and again meandered, across the rock, and sand landscapes, of the desert southwest, going steadily, towards the estuaries, of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific. These natural wonders, stand as testimony, to the really deep oceans, of the past. The past, is all around... and our past records, like the Central and South American pyramid temples, and the mound

complexes, found further north, and other such man-made phenomena... stand as unambiguous proof, of earlier times. Our written records left by Western, and European, and Asian peoples, are clear reminders, of the steady march of time... always into the future... and always, also, under burdens, of constant, or steady frictional pressure... atmospheric pressure, gravity, and other such forces as found on Earth. The time dimension, is an enlivening, flowing... a billowing, sort of expansion, up and out, from each singular point, up and away, beyond the realms. So, and as the flow of moments, becomes

years, and the erosion of stone, by water, gradually takes place... we see a natural phenomenon, that conveys irrefutable proof, of space-time... the term, 'space-time,' is really, a 'three-in-one,' word. There is time, (whirling electrons,) and there, too is the wash of moments, upwards, out and away... there also, is a spiritual dimension, the soul, and our perceptions, of it... bringing awareness, of changes over time... and allowing a real interface (we're the main tool-using beings, on this planet Earth. Our hands have digits, with opposable thumbs...) Couldn't it, then, be said, that the shaping, of

minds... cultures, and communities...
family, and persona... is like unto, the
weathering, of rock, over time... the
turning, set in motion, so much, by the
flows of tactile, personal inter-relevance,
over conscious awareness... over and
across, the ephemera... as spheres, inter-
act, and counter-balance, one another...
seasonal changes... summer, to autumn,
winter and spring... There're the ways,
things change, and morph, from one stage,
of transition, to another... one gets
impressions, at times, of the sort of
pivoting, or *balancing*, of spheres, upon
interconnected spindles... the distant suns,

rhythms and cycles... So, the solar system,
slowly revolving, within and amongst,
other more distant systems, within our
particular arm, of the Milky Way, galaxy...
our Earths rising, and falling, and rising,
into what might be termed, the photon
belt... comprised, of millions of stars...
their mass, and gravitational pulling, one to
the other... their radiance... I feel, that the
subterranean tapestry, upon earth,
sometimes changes configuration, as
distant masses, and energy releases, tip the
scales, at times, of ephemera... underneath,
constant frictional weight, and pulling...
mass and weight, of atmosphere, biosphere,

and beingness. Zodiacal, mythical sub-currents. One can see, only so much of the future, from consulting ephemeral perceptions... there are such things, too, as quasars, supernovae, and the occasion of star implosion, forming black holes... which we find difficult, to anticipate, consciously.

SPIRITUAL HOPE

MAKING MY WAY, IN THE WORLD

TODAY, I will want to use, the internet. And computers, and recording software, are the main ways, I know to produce audio, like an audio book. So, I know, if I have it my way, I'll always have some access to

these. The digital medium, or the digital landscape, does, however, have its pitfalls.

I wonder, at the ways, the world has changed, since the personal computing revolution, of the 1980s... if there are, higher realms, (and since ancient days, it has been commonly accepted, that there are, higher, or angelic realms, *above* the Earth...) then, how might they see, and perceive, ourselves? Sure, then. The basic, all-time main goal, would probably be, then, *thorough understanding, of human nature... And working knowledge, of the ways that lives, are built, from the womb, outward, into the world... starting,*

sometimes from very meager means, and resources... and built upwards, over many long years, of work... play... relaxation, and sleep... Just, how, then, might we reckon, with the stressors, brought forth, by the world, of instantaneous communication... *instantaneous publishing...* it would, stand to reason, that one might arrive, upon, an understanding, of what might amount to, an *generational solvency*, which begins to be an individual factor, as, a young person is introduced, to personal computing, and if, he embraces holistic views, and holds to the lessons, he learned from childhood, and keeps firm

grasp of his or her identity, and participates effectively, and has healthy lifestyle... (these three or four main concepts, being important.) And, conversely, if his or her integrity starts to suffer, due to unreckoned exposure, to music subculture, or significant life event... or substance abuse... *wouldn't then, solvency, show signs, of diminishing?* So, knowing, some of the issues, faced in the Westernised world, today... how, might professional culture, be seen, at best... at the water cooler... at the coffee counter... at the lunch table? I saw this idea, on another website, recently... this of, *spiritual hope*. Nature,

for all of her intrinsic wisdoms, has
'vanishing footsteps...' she has descending
paths.... her views, of father time, might be,
'like the grasses of the fields, we spring up,
and wither in a day...' 'there never has
been, nor will ever be, the crow, who picks
up a pen, and pens a masterpiece, or makes
much lasting mark at all.' So, one sees, she
can't, much unsure, that the adult today gets
periodic immunisations, nor would such a
thing occur to her. She's, about, decline...
she's about, descent, and decay. She stores
up, what she needs for the winter, but has
no care for seeing that her child is enrolled
in the university. Nature, has those

descending, ways. Especially, with regards,
to human nature, in group settings, like
culture, or community. So, back to the
water cooler... what we need, is cool, clean,
water to drink... *and to always keep, our
minds, out of the ditches, and on higher
matters.* In other words, we have to keep
our sights, fastened upon, and encouraged
by, *real spiritual hope.* So, your minister
friend, probably, has it right, all along...
with the spirit, of giving, in big ways, and
small, even tiny ways, and a healthy home
life, we have, also, a sure footedness.
(especially, when we court wisdoms, found
within the magical contrasts... man, and

woman, or man and beast. Young, and
old...) so set your sights, on HOPE.

COLORS

Through life we find:

a rich bounty of diversity...

enduring relevance...

such a wide variety of love expressions.

Every one of us,

rewarding the other, in time,

are from east to west

sent spiraling everywhere.

More than this,

we all live, in love,

it's own reward,
and finding harmony, perseverance,
and triumph,
openly participate in free expression-
liberty within, and throughout.

WHEN I AM ABLE TO, I WILL WRITE,
to better distinguish, those stressors, which
are real, from those, which are made-up.
This allows, me to do so much more, as a
person, than, if I just watched, living pass
me by. So, I develop, a relationship, with
my higher mind, while simultaneously,
notating, the passages of days, into months,

and years. So, perhaps, my memories, from these years, in which I have been saving, and dating, snippets of thought, onto the page... arranging my life, in step, with the passing months and years... and connecting, this or that idea, with some, or another time, on my calender... throughout this, I have been so much more keenly aware, of the passing of time. So, to myself, today, well, a decade, is a pretty long period of time... even a year, seems like such a while. The changing seasons of the year, are my main, inspiration, as writing, gradually comes to me, intermittantly. Summer, to Autumn, Fall to

Winter, and Spring again... you see, being grounded in this way, gives a real cohesiveness, to the flow, of years, which I wouldn't find otherwise. So, and thinking back, I can remember, that in writing, the above expression... (*it really, occurred to me, fully developed, in '96...* I have made slight wording modifications...) there was a patriotic, theme.... *of a red, white, and blue theme....* I conceived, of as such words, came to be onto the page. So, this is a *subtle memory, found, in process, of writing, but which, I still remember, as clearly, as day.* This, then, is exemplary, of the richness, and complexity, which has

settled, into my life, as I have gradually
considered, the readers perspective, and
finding synchronies and symphonies,
within myself, cherished, then the crafting,
of writing onto the page... with hopes, it
might be read, or seen.

NOTES, ON POETRY

'ART IS DISCERNMENT.' What, then, is
poetry, to myself? When, an emotive,
expression, comes up, in process of
writing... more, bountiful, and full... or
more radiant, or glowing... more

psychicly, or psychologically resonant...

an archetype, or metaphor, which says much, while saying only very little, ...much

more, than the individual writer knows himself or herself, to be... presently...this, to me, is what makes great poetry, what *it*

is. This, can be a faculty, a metaphor, regarding those expressions, of ancestral waters... *great, great uncle... great aunt... family tree*. So, and this, doesn't mean, it's

a dated, expression... it would, I think be words, which seem relevant, or pertinent,

to the life, of the man or woman, who

dreams up, the poem... and might be

entirely given anew to the world, *yet*

somehow relevant, to the day, and age.

The human condition, on Earth, with our thinking brains, our minds, and imaginations... *over span of time...* does seem to suggest that men and women, dwell also, within close proximity, to the collective unconscious... so, it can be said, that *nothing, is done entirely unto itself, here on this planet.* So, in a manner of speaking, this is a 'no boundaries,' sort of engagement. I might *suggest*, boundaries, and borders, but, it seems to me, that 'all minds, share the same primal spaces. ' My doubts, about the truth, of such a statement, are encouraging, and I, therefore, will build

up, my boundaries... strengthen, my borders, and make myself stronger, within myself... and in the eyes of the world... by finding opportunity, for writing... and thus growing, in the writers path, I have chosen, on these pages.

Also, there can be such a process, as psychic automatism, in which the writer, might be given, a poem, or work of poetry. .. which seems to be pre-determined... or which seems, beyond doubt, to be already conceived, as within. The 'COLORS, ' piece, above... *as well as all the poems, comprising my projects, INNER TRUTH, and PLATEAUS*

, *were like this... they seemed to be downloaded, through my hand*, which but put them to paper, one autumn, around 1996. So, a bit like a *premonition*, in this regard... I later found myself rather challenged, as writer, as to just whom, might would have written, them, and when... but, I was the only one... *though I haven't yet searched all of the world, just yet!*

So, the worlds of poetry. .. saying much, with but few words... emotively, or sensually... or even logically. .. (i.e. saying a mouthfull,) are an sort, of liberal expression, of 'the spaces in

between..., ' or, in other words, *just all that,*
which goes unspoken... over time...
sometimes long stretches, of time... times,
of darkness, or purgation, or suffering...
one just finds, him or herself, to be a poet,
eventually... and gradually, begins to make
positive changes, within his or her life
path... he begins to grow, by leaps, and
bounds.

This is what poetry, means to me... I today,
don't really consider myself, too much of a
poet... *but such isn't entirely, beyond, that*
which might have come, from my pen, at
some point... it might come up, in essaying.

Poetry, seems, to be an objectivist, art

form... *but which might, best be appreciated, from a subjectivist, perspective.* So, today's world, *tends to wear away, at the poetic...* such can try, the writers will... test, the writers system... and bring forth new coping strategies... *this is not to say, that the poetic, is an outdated, mode of seeing...* just a little old fashioned. People, today, might find great resource, in poetic modes, or ways, through which we look upon, the world. I have an anthology, of English literature, a standard college textbook, which I look at sometimes... I have some American, poets in mind, also... I guess *The Worlds Best Poetry*, might be a

book I would love to own... so, I know, the value, of such... *poetry, can be so much more, than a 3 minute folk song.* When, one can appreciate, the musicality, in English, as a language... the ways, connectivity, and metaphor, similtudes, impressionism, of words... the melodious, flow, of an essay, or poem... I will have this close at hand.

MIND AS PARCHMENT

WHEN I SIT DOWN, TO LOOK WITHIN my empty page, my first consideration, will usually be, the wording, used for the starting thoughts... how do I arrange the

words, within my initial brush strokes...
and too, understanding better, my footing
within, my inner resources, my inspiration.

(So, if words, are readily within reach,
then, my feelings, might be more amenable,
to the art of writing. So, I'm not 'spitting
into the wind,' too much... there is concert,
within myself, and within the spaces I
inhabit.) So, these are the sorts of factors,
which my keening eyesight, looks upon,
initially, in writing. So, and then, I scan
back... across, say the recent days, and
weeks... *is there any new magic, I had
found, and put on my reserve, for such
time, I actually get to write...* if so, I think,

then, of ways, I might incorporate, such into *this* writing. We, being human, with spiritual awareness, and therefore, having self aware, self-analytic consciousness, *are, yet, comprised, somewhat, of dense matter, to an extent.* However, such a one, may yet, be an exceedingly conscientious, self-aware, thinking, reasoning, logical being. *So, then, we are not, flesh alone, but soul.* So, seeing the physical self... within a physical cosmos... yet with an inwardly-ness, *an self-reflective consciousness-awareness...* so much, reminds, myself of a later observation, I had found... a layered, way of seeing

consciousness... consisting of a spherical unit, of consciousness, one which seems to be an archetypal mode, of centering, mind in body... *and, I think, for perceiving, oneself, as a thoroughly free being... one with full powers and rights, to interact, in his or her life, with the other people, in his group... and to ascend, or descend, in society, relative to his or her own choices, and free-will. With love, all of good, becomes possible. And I don't necessarily, think, that this universe, is the only realm, in which such perceptions reign... (Beings or elementaries, monads, principles, within other dimensions, whether one concludes,*

this 'angelic realm,' or deveachaic land is
near or far... distant, or within ready
grasp... one tends, to keep tabs, on how
might such beings, in such land, perceive
our life on Earth... *there just isn't, any real
reason, to think, that one realms, rules and
principles... things, such as the 'golden
rule,' societies, ways, of finding 'checks,
and balances,' and other such principles, as
'cleanliness, being next to Godliness,' or
'No pain, no gain,' somehow don't apply, to
beings, within other realms, like the animal
kingdom...* To the contrary, we, in the
human family, can readily apprehend, or
easily find, *through focusing upon 'right*

thinking,' in stream of consciousness... and with keen, concentrated self awareness... the essence, the guidelines, of principles, governing, I think, all realms, within this multi-dimensional cosmos. So, the desire, for 'secret knowledge,' or to see all possible perceptions, and perspectives, on developments, in this world... to perceive, from point of view, of a ghost, say... is sort of a null, or moot question... when, feeling good, inwardly, and outwardly, is probably, the best, one may ever aspire unto... that's heaven.) So, seeing, then, this sort of holistic, or holographic, and collective mode, for centering, within a

room, or an environment... how, the surface, being perhaps, all I am shown, of dense matter about myself... not having electron microscope, or x-ray camera, for looking within, objects... I tend to see, walls, windows, desks, dresser, tables, being like the shell, or crust, of a planet... with successive layers reaching inward, to a mantle, and center-point surrounded by a core. So, this is how it seems, to peer outward, onto the world, from within my conscious waking awareness... this worldly existence.

When I feel like, I want to have a part, be a voice, onto the page, then writing is the

simplest answer. A vital, living person has
a mind.*

*I can see, that every man or womans
mind, is like unto a sheet of paper... being
a writer, this is the metaphor, which comes
first. When no two pieces of paper, or
parchment, are exactly the same... we see
that each persons view, is so different.

There might be a water-mark, or printed
design upon a page... If you've ever been in
a book store, or art supply store, and
looked at paper for printing, you have
seen... composition paper, is not the same
thing, as printing paper. This sort might

have loose edges, not having been trimmed into a set fashion... this kind of paper, for wood, or rubber stamping is just really something to look at. The fibers, might be clearly discernable, and there may be a texture; its make up readily discernable as wood pulp. A sheet of this might be trimmed into one or two squares, depending on size- for smaller, rubber stamp prints, more sheets could be made from one piece of parchment.

So, and after printing the sheet is hung from a line by means of clothes pins, to dry. The paper is soft, and absorpsive, so the ink running isn't a problem. This

reminds, me, of the mind-body relationship... the mind, ultimately, is a pretty one-dimensional sense - lensing - computing platform. At the end of the day, how one feels, inwardly, and outwardly, is the chief rule, or guide... is the time, alright, or this month, 'how do I feel?' So, and this is just the most I can ever do, really, is just to feel good... *because, when you feel good, then you can do good.* Knowing this, has been key. So, when the mind, is seen as a sort of scroll, a parchment, with information, written upon... it's really, usually, pretty simple to get handle, on who one is... what is the

complex information, contained on the page, and with which degree, or angle, then, to place next footstep. This is an amazing, latency of the mind... seeing, and cognizing ones present configuration... is equivelant to knowing, future steps.

Seeing, ones present picture, complex, though it may seem, is mostly comprised, of the next steps, or paths upon the page... this is the interaction, through which the universe, of industry, and innovation, grows gradually, out of darkness, into higher light frequency vibrations. So, the love we show ourselves, on the page... these are everymans yarrow... just look a

second, at the yarrow, and one knows, how to go future. Whether up or down, soft or hard, inwardly, or outwardly, bright, or dim, loud or soft, rough or smooth texture... using more finesse in, say, design particulars, along lines of finish, color, materials, or presentation... these particulars, can make or break, the sale, and the skilled designer, doesn't have to think... he just knows, how to do.

NOTES ON HUMAN ORIGINS

I RECENTLY HEARD, A WONDERFUL

TALK, by a speaker, of whom many readers, probably think highly... he is since deceased, but his words, and lectures, live on on some wonderful podcast websites. I won't mention his name... he's not hard to find... just do a little research, upon some of the ideals, and themes, and visionary personalities, whom percolated, the subculture, of 1960s, in America, and Europe... and you'll soon find listings, of sites, with furtherance, of some of those ideas, across the 1980s, '90s and into today.

Many of these ideas, some from younger visionaries, are still helping people today, get more in tune, with themselves... their

higher minds, and subtler, more feminine
reflective, complementary, selves. This
one talk, the speakers charisma, which I
now find inspiring, I can't really
encapsulate, in this medium, presently. I
can, however, bring unto my own pages,
this which I feel, are some of the key
themes, shown... and, from which I have
since found, just a great deal, of power, and
self-being affirmation. As mankind came,
into a self-consciousness... an self-
awareness, partly through, the natural
entheogens, and medicinal plants... such
which are to be found, in most ecologies,
on this planet... mushrooms, vines, seeds...

tree-barks, and other such botanicals, as
can be brewed, or injested, in some way...
for ranges, of effects, upon consciousness...

well, it was a matter, of time, before, the
door, began to creak on its hinges, and, we

began, finding, and using, language
symbols. This process, might have arisen,

from the vague, groping glossolalia, or
spontaneous verbal conveyance... that

which says, just what you want to say,

some how, in a group... Like, a baby
learning to crawl... we didn't always fully

understand, the languages, we were
bestowed with... the words we used... So,
we then began to apply our conscious self-

awareness, unto, our verbal expressions...

and began, to communicate. And the knowing, within language, arose, as social pressures, were cognized. Languages arose, in early peoples.

With tool using, we began to consider, the beings, of ourselves... in groups... families, and communities... we grew to value, and seek to get in step with, and learn from, the peer pressures, we found... our native selves... families, and child rearing, became, really more logical, and known of... we attuned, to what is an uniquely human, growth progression... infancy, childhood, adolescence, and so forth.

Therefore, we began entertaining, uniquely human, cultural mores, and norms... and formed, the first legal codes... we standardised, our measurements. We began, to ceremonialise, or ritualise, our group, identity... and collectives... through stone carving, and cave painting... our brains, increased, in both size, and complexity. We began, observing, our surroundings, in new ways. We began noticing, our intrinsic distinctions, from the animal culture, about ourselves. Walking, on two feet... standing upright, and balancing... let us acquire self awareness, of our special, locomotion capacity,

sitting... standing, walking... swimming...
we fathomed, that we could, travel, by foot,
in groups, and scavenge, or hunt, or forage,
for food, and water... and we fathomed,
also, that we could increase... in stores, by
gathering more than needed, for the
immediate present... so groups, grew
larger, and communities, and
establishments... like towns, and
fortifications, were seen. So, having the
strategic advantage, might have included,
being in proximity, to resources, like food,
and water... holding the high ground, began
to be preferred, over the solitary,
wanderer... strength, began to be found, in

numbers. Graineries, appeared, with agriculture... stores, increased... it became very clear, that we were pulling away, from the masses of indigenous furred, feathered, hooven, scaley, slimy, swimmers, hoppers, crawlers, flyers about ourselves. And it were, both, our upright, erect locomotion style... and the digits, of our hands... which seemed to be the really deciding factors, in this rising, gradual flowing... towards, civilised, mechanised, industrialised, society which we have today. So, in a way, it really could be said, that we humans, were deputised, by Nature... by our socially-conscious self reflections... and

self-awareness, and peer pressures... into being the planet's eyes, and ears. This was the idea, I found inspiring, from the speaker, I mentioned. This idea, forms a catalyst, for these ideas, presently. So, and why do we distinguish ourselves, from the animals? Mostly, our readiness, and willingness, to begin tool-making... our tool-using capacity, sets us apart. Looking upon the civilised world today, I too, can see, that we are the single species, we know of, on Earth, which spends lots of time, gathering, compiling, and analysing information... about the natural earth, and cosmos. We seem, to look for patterns...

and importantly, we look, for constants... in the varied patterns, of Nature. And it is truth, that we have our sights set, on both the advancement, of life on this planet... as well, as the exploration, and the extending, of human range, into the local galaxy, about ourselves... the looking, for even wider, cycles, and patterns, and rhythms, and higher constants. So, and this isn't a uniquely Western, calling. This planet Earth, I feel, is more aged, than we always give credit unto... earlier epochs, we haven't any record of. Any. They're buried, incorporated, literally into the sedimentary rock, beneath the oceans, and

mountain ranges... of much earlier vegetative matter, to the dawn of plant, and animal life, on Earth. And so the planet, has been built, up, in layers... the occasional asteroid, falls in the sea... eventually, the sea level rises, and seafloor and other land masses, gradually take on those stray rocks, to be found in this part of the galaxy. Our planets, mass, causes those rocks and interplanetary debris, which ends up in Earth orbit, to eventually, sooner or later, fall into the ocean, or upon the land. So, here's the gist... Earths mass, gradually grows. This seems the course, in time, of all bodies in space, having gravitational

mass. Our Earth, has plantlife, and animal life... so eventually, it's just clear, ancient history, is a mile, or more beneath our feet.

So, see? An inspiring idea, from one to another, in the podcast medium... and the ideas, which set humans apart, from the animals, are more clear... we restore, ourselves, in context with the natural cosmos... and another step forward... had we never thought to try, we never would have known.

THE CLEAR LIGHT

CONSIDERING THE LANDS, I FIND

afore my minds eye, tonight... there is a quality of inner light, and contentment...

suggesting, future times... Minute changes, constantly are playing out, upon my peripheral eyesight... within, inner vision. So, due, sometimes, to these shadows, playing about, there wants to be also, the clearer, light of *bliss*. idea, I know, and feel strongly about. Bliss, makes things, sure. Bliss makes all clear. The light of bliss, is omnipresent, within culture, and finds expression, in pertaining to future times... the work and attention, we can give, today, can make life bearable, tomorrow... and too, harkens back, to such

traditions, as Buddhaist Mahayana, as also,
the Joy of fellowship, within the life of
Christ... i.e., the light of bliss. *Light,*
makes things clear.

In the industrialised worldview, bliss, is
sometimes, deferred, unto the future.

Everyone works, for the weekend.

Mechanised industry, can be found in all
parts of the globe.

So, and this is an Tantric practice, but in
plain English, the clear light of bliss, is
surety, security. One learns, to transcend,
here, in contemplation, of bliss, the needs
for altering consciousness, drastically. For
these are other paths, incorporating, often

entheogens, such as herbs, and vines, with attachment, to natural holism. Other sorts of lights, might also, be glaring, or harsh, or oppressive, also, and many other qualities, found, in such times, as these sometimes, changing, modern ones.

But, we do tend to contemplate, bliss, from a safe distance, or find within, a game of scrabble, or lost in amazement, at a feature film, at the cinema. Or at the dinner table.

Or outdoors, watching birds, with a field guide, or study book. Bliss, can be elusive, in working cultures, and is commonly, deferred, to future.

According, to Mahayana, the inner fire, can

be tamed, by right living, these traits, such as right view, right intention, right speech, right action, right livelihood, etc. Our industrialised view, employs similar criteria, like usefulness, being of service, the 'good idea,' or the invention, and productivity, in industry. So, does one see, bliss, is really, omnipresent, and, we often defer such to future times.

These thoughts, above, lead me back, in time, to this one.:

I think, perhaps the nicest article, or paper, to be found on John Macks website, is one relating the thoughts, around the concept of, 'Witnesses as Sacred Truth Tellers.'

There seems to come a time, for people,
when we drop our crutches and self-
destructive ways, and get with the flow. Or
I should say, one is nothing, if not a logical
thinker, but situational reactions, can vary
widely... you'd have a hard time knowing,
how you'd respond, or react, in real life
situations... without simulating,
occasionally. (The logic which really
becomes priority, as one steps from behind
the cloaks, and darkneses, of the juvenile,
or the retrograde, or the *critic*, into the real
family of man, of the maturing adult.)
Perhaps, since the recent introduction of
reverse-engineering simulations, from out

of the mid 1980's, I recognise, also, a resurgence in the fluency, with which the mysteries of the paranormal, the seemingly extraterrestrial, are being related, within my community.

In particular, I have seen an indication which would suggest, that the kinds of simulations, or role-playing, which were in vogue, in the aforementioned project, for example, can in fact be a notable evolutionary step forward, which bears restating. Here, I'm thinking, more on the kinds of an 'ancestral middle earth,' which is suggested within the language, of the perhaps dual, even tertiary, nature of what

it means to be human, on Earth, with our thinking brains, our minds, and culture. In the short work, *Ethos of Enlightenment*, we suggest a universal tie-in, to everything which we experience within ourselves... I say this also, in terms of the ancestral groundwork, upon which all cultures are built... I recollect key experiences, which pretty much captured my awareness, within the recent decade of the 1990s. (Inner experiences, which confirmed, what I can only term an '*absolute super-nature*,' to that which, might appear, often enough as a mere 'smile on the void...' in reality, certainly a power beyond anything I can

think of as flesh... or what we think of as mortal, or merely meek, or even you know, imaginable.) I think that such traditions as ancestor worship, then, pertain so much, to 'the rivers source,' or the ethos of a time...

its atmosphere, climate... perhaps just as much, as this which one might term genetic information, or even star sign, or pre-natal respiration, and growth. It's all so related, but I can see, the two windows, can admit the light, which can give birth to an distinct third window, thru which comes still more light, with the union of the spirit, and flesh.

Only in being born, an embodiment in *dense energy*, do we see the contrast with

light energy, or *positive energy*. And, it appears, that thru living, the light wants to be stronger, than the heavy, or the imprisonment may not be escaped. Also, I relate again the words of the wise Chwang-Ze: 'We are born as from a quiet sleep, and we die to a calm awaking.' For, while we cannot really be time travellers, we might regularly sleep 1000 years, and find yet again, perhaps, what it means to be human, in so many ways.

Lastly, (but not leastly,) the Sacred Truth Tellers article by John Mack, refers to *othercriteria*, which may be of use in evaluating the veracity, of a person as

Witness. Notably, the apparent sanity, of the subject, as well as the integrity, which comes across... the biases which may be present, and the vibrational connections, between researcher and subject. And the admission of communication modes of the 'third kind,' or a kind of English Prime, which comes with conveyance of subjective truth, as par for the course. So, I guess, this present writing is a perhaps diffusion, or diffraction, of perhaps three or four points, which I've been seeing lately. Being as stream-of-consciousness, or improvisational as my writing is, it could hardly be said to be structured, formally, or

styled... free-form is more the term, here.

THE GREAT YEAR

***THE FOLLOWING, IS IN
MINDFULNESS, of The Great Year,
spoken of, on occasion...***

***referencing, unto 1998 A.D., the
historical turning point, between the
Age of Pisces, and Age of Aquarius,
putting us, already, more than ten
years along, into a New Age.:***

I think that the enduring timeless Quality,
of larger astrological cycles, goes far

beyond, the questions, which can be found,
pertaining, to any *ancient calenderic
system, or ancient birth observance.* , there
are systems, of marking time, which may
seem to converge, at different points, in
Earths History, (*as well, as some truely,
unnerving correspondencies, amongst, ley
lines, and sacred sites...*) these are mostly,
expressions, of the collective
unconsciousness... the collective soul, of
mankind... that great correberative field, or
ground, of similitudes, and likenesses,
*which we, finally, wish, for more freedom
from, into maturity... that which actually,
does form the underlying, tenets, or*

foundations, of all such aforementioned
calenderic systems, I believe, are
Astrological, therefore Divinely
suggested... and can be observed, in
Cycles. I think, the longest cycle, that can
be seen, from human standpoint, is the
nearly 26,000 year time period, required,
for the Solstice, mid-point, on night sky
horizon, to precess, or migrate, or cycle,
gradually, throughout all of the signs of the
Zodiac, and return, to where began. This
corresponds, to our Earths, orbit 'round the
Sun, rising and falling, and rising, out of
the great plane, or disc of Milky Way
Galaxy, throughout Eternity. Why, could it

be, that this 'Great Year,' being behind,
people, already, presently... isn't spoken of
more decisively? *Rather, than, gifting
creedence, to this or that, human,
approximation, (some or another, Sun
Gods', birth year, or the Origin, of the
Prophet... or an Exodous... human
significancies, being only human... not
Almighty...) why not, tell it like it is, and
just annotate, and relegate, the really bad
planetary weather, to that which lies
behind us, already?* it is, nearly 2010, and
there are those, who haven't learned, yet?
So, rather than talk of syngularity... let's
work within, our calenderic systems... these

are but tools, and all ancient cultures, had
them... for mankind to mark out, or
annotate, underlying cycles... *only tools...*
such as the orbit, of the Earth, once
around the Sun, forming the Earth Year.
lenses, through which history is seen,
shouldn't be thought, to be hinderance, of
mankinds' present peacecraving, ways, so,
and I mean, it is really important, to
understand, that these calenderic systems,
are but human means, of measuring time...
and shouldn't be held, sacrosanct, in
*themselves.**

**Were, our solar system, not suggested,*

*and nudged, since Eternity, into present
Earthly life sustaining orbits, and tilts...
life on Earth, would be so different, if not
impossible. So, those who do particular,
homage, to human, or linear methods for
marking time, aren't incorrect... Those
whom study Astrology, in and of itself, are
simply gifted, with understanding, of the
natures, of the suggestible, or nudgable,
derivation, (within Eternity,) of Objects, in
Weightless Vacuum, which become, in
time, construed, around human life, and
the sustainance of plant, animal, and
human, bipedal life.*

~

When one hopes, to tune into the subtlest rhythms and flows, of the heart... to see, what one might say, today... onto the lasting media... feelings, sometimes, are stronger... more passionate. This is how I feel, in writing to you now. Coming home, into my medium... I'll arrange a few words, upon the page, and see, if I can discern direction. So many times, days can seem like weeks... the experiential ranges, in reflecting, are often widely varied, and sometimes painful. But, when one, can remain attuned, as to when, there is shown,

that time for writing, may have arisen, it can be a welcome, respite... one relishes, then the process, of writing... *'surely, this is the sum, of my day, this writing...'* and a kind hearted soul, remembers, another. So, then, it's with gratitude, and forgiveness, that these words, unfurl. I am enfolded, within the pages, of new writing... all of the discomforts, just fade, and I am glad, to be writing... this which I know, can carry on. So, the love, I feel within myself, and the space I occupy... one feels then, bliss, and atonement, and knows. So, whew! What a blessing... why, I wouldn't have traded, today, for anything... do I find, a

healthful and beneficial spiritual writing,
on my pages at days end. So, see? *The*
light, within nature, is all of, a
nurturance... a taking care. Such light, is
the redemption, and liberation, from some,
of the less welcome, areas, of living... for,
one knows, at the end of the day... he or
she, has awakened. So, it is with the
perspective, of the harbor, about myself,
that I un-lace my boots, and climb into bed.

I wonder, at times, of the vast ranges, of
experiential backgrounds... and feel, now...
there is a place, the writer knows, within
himself... no one else can see. And such, is
this one Earth... neither old, nor new... a

pocket, of air, and ground, in the vast dimensions, of the cosmos... one can know, this, like none other. So, and sheltering, upon the page, is a brilliant feeling... for there is no where, to go, save where ones own self, chooses. So, knowing this is important. The page, itself, is the ground, from within which, these words arise. A field, of white... placing words, upon it, is an un-binding, and an releasing, of positive thoughts, from the medium... And, word processors, make this such an elegant, process... I think, the empty spaces, about ourselves, have much, to say... there are few, whom interact, with the field, the

ground, about ourselves... might I then,
reach the place, of my higher mind... might
I touch upon, common ideas, and allow,
then, these language glyphs, to remain
always, in tempo, with their medium. I
have thought, how there seems, to be two
faces, to beingness. There is the upper, and
the under... the front and the back. Seeing,
the one, know then the other. This can be a
helpful modality, for an 'whole mind' sort
of meditation. So, question, implies
answer. Reminds me, of hands, praying.
And maybe... with left palm, placed upon
right palm, fingers meeting, upon their
length... one touches upon an ancient,

timeless, spiritual symbol... this which
illuminates, then, this... is gifted, and
blessed, with human understanding. For,
often, we find, we're not alone, in journeys
of life. So, and these are the comforts,
shown myself, this night. I pass them
along to you now.

ANOTHER YEAR

WHEN ONE SITS DOWN, to look into
his or her within, it's not really hard, to see,
if he or she has anything, on the forefront,
of imagination... which might be given
admission, through language. Seeing, how

'its in the telling,' that this days subpsyche,
becomes discernable... I'm scanning, back
across, the weeks... and trying, to discern,
how today, can possibly follow, yesterday.

The past, forms a tapestry, of shades, and
distinctions...both mornings, and nights. I

am able, to rest, in this place, of new
beginning... for, as I have journeyed, across

the past year, I have often, envisioned,
future times. Knowing, the ranges, which
these mountains, seem to present... having,

clear perspective, on the steppes... and
valleys... terraces, and fields.. all around,
this present... having, recently, completed,
new projects... upon my pages... and, being

satisfied, with my results... and the
changes, *and new challenges*... gives such,
good footing, where, we might sometimes,
otherwise, find uncertainty. For, the
language, *this language*, used, in
compositing... and arranging written words,
and works... upon the page... *appears*,
wonderfully, to stay the same... although,
sometimes, times, and trends, seem
divergant... seem to pass, according,
apparently, to random, rules of chaos, and
entropy... *decline, and decay, can seem to*
encroach... yet, my mind, and higher
senses are placated, upon the unchanging.
These fixed, or fossilised creations, can

form the lens, through which we look upon,
times past. It's the changelessness, and
self-authorship, of ones own portfolio...

which seems, to form, keys, to past
reflection... previous decades, from ones
past... *I find great value, in having made
clear break, from past life ongoing...*

having entered, a new time, in my life,
more than ten years ago... and seeing, how

far one has come... *gives, such great
perspective,* on just all the previous years
of my life. There was then... *and there is
now.* I'm a new man. Well, anyways...

Thats me. These imaginings, upon my
page... sometimes, during times of writing,

my writers mind, is really, such a
pronounced, effect, within my
consciousness... When I first entered,
publishing world, nearly ten years ago, the
really complex, energy ranges, would begin
to enter my mind... in concert with new
writing... this however, would come about,
more so *in following*, the presenting of,
new writing, on my page. Today, the really
sort of dark night, seems to come as I begin
to conceive, of a new composition...
*seeming, to be waves, crashing, and
colliding... upon my visual pallatte...* as I
cover distances of time, prior, to getting to
the word processor... the daylight, comes in

knowing, you have good writing. While, in
early times, my recollect, of dynamic
ranges, would come more, in the form, of a
confused, sort of bitter regret, *at not
having done my writing, with all of my
heart, and soul...* today, when I actually get
to sit and write, as I am contemplating,
writing... *earning it...* my quantum
consciousness, is so very present... a really
very tiny focus, of composition... just
everything within myself, is magnified, so
much... so, naturally, I'm more pleased,
with the finished results. Well, anyways. I
hope my reader, will find something
herein... something, I hope, to remind, him

or her, of the unchanging... the reassuring,
in these complicated, often sullen times.

Happy New Years.

~

IN CONSIDERING, LAST WEEKS
posting, of the overview, of u.f.ological
topics... and my understandings, with
them... the efforts, at finding positive
meanings, from within this subject... in this
modern age... I came, in retrospect, to see,
that E.T., is like *a collective doubt*... which
mankind, is occasionally affected by... and
I think, importantly, I too, saw that...

secret doubts, seem to chase every human success. I mean, we're only mortal... and must, it seems, struggle, and suffer, and strive for years, *sometimes, years of blackest night... before, coming, into a place of greater understanding,* and wisdom... this which can be channelled, into a lasting establishment, and healthy responses. And, history reveals, that it's always been this way. Ancient scriptures, are full of tales, of 'dark nights,' of the soul, from which, eventually, springs the fount of great genius. Sages, speak of transformative journeys, of descents, into the depths, and a conquering, or reckoning,

with a shadow side... *and re-emergence,*
into light... in other words, we cannot
entirely remove, ourselves, from the time
in which we live... the nature of existence,
is a blending, of both dark and light
elements... both the dense, and heavy...
and the bouyant, and effervescent, do exist.
I can't have one, without the other. The
day divides the night... the night divides
the day. *Secret doubts, chase every*
success. , it's the human condition, which
is so frail, and tender... in the face, of these
sometimes fierce, natural elements, and
foes. So, to me, the best observance, of the
E.T phenomenon.... *is that the dream of the*

sages, has come into a realisation... and
with it, a kind of an eleysium, of
instantaneous communication, and travel...
an evolution, of information society, into
which just all light energy vibrations, ever
placed on lasting media... tablets, discs...
papyrus, and scroll parchment...
illuminated manuscripts, from the
invention of printing... all organized
thought, from the dawn of recorded
history... has been poured, and is readily
accessable, from most any locale, on Earth.
Thousands, of years of dream work...
struggles, strife, oppression, poverty,
hunger... the rise and fall of countless

schools of thought, within the continuum,
of this recorded epoch... is seen, in this
very real light, of the present. And the
u.f.o. data, makes me wonder... have we
come this way before, previously in Earths
history? Have civilisations, and industry
and technology, arisen time and again,
flowering outward, into an intricate,
interconnected society, of information...
only, to regard, itself, in the mirror, of the
historical overview, of a postmodern
consumerism... *simply, are we the first*
people, here upon Earth, to have developed
binary communication? , lets be realistic.
Society, is realised... this interconnected

web, of binary technology... *anamolous*
experiences, I guess, express, the unique
perspective, of the human psyche...
walking, between, earth, and sky...
dwelling amidst past, and present, and
looking into this mirror-like veil, which is
as close as the tip of our noses, yet as far,
as the moon, and stars. , lest we become
'self fulfilling prophecy,' just remember, in
thoughts of u.f.ology... *these, ultimately,*
are nagging doubts... of the sorts, faced by
the teenager, on exam day... having spent
large part of the year daydreaming, and
knowing, he must account, for the lessons
he was exposed unto, but maybe didn't

learn. These are the sorts of doubts, which hound after the engineer, whose bridge, he knows must hold up years and years of heavy traffic. Were the materials sound? Did the workers complete the task adequately? Was his blueprint, both structurally sound, for the present... and able to bend and flex, in light of tectonic stress and strain? Will his companys' good reputation, survive? So, and as a civilisation, which has sent probes soaring to the outer fringes of the solar system, and beyond... which has placed human footprints, upon the moon.... which today, has unraveled the geneome, of mammoths,

which lived 14,000 years in the past... *you see, questions, run deep.* , my earlier collection, of u.f.o. related articles, were my most articulate reflections, and with these,an leaning against a large mysterious phenomenon, which modern man is party to... my unfamiliarity, with the topic, so vast and mysterious, and unexplained... let me, sometimes exercise, my poetic, expressive skills, and I think, it is the uncertainty, and unfamiliarity, with the factors, of u.f.ology, which lets one envision, along mythic lines.

When, one wants to know, more about the present... than can be gleaned from surface appearances, he or she, will, if chooses, fall back upon his or her craft, discipline, or practice. Whether it's sketching, on a notebook... writing, in a journal... or clipping coupons... he or she has something, through which to feel, the ranges, of the day... and test, the nearness, and distances, of information. Compare, the uncommons, with the unusuals, with all the familiars. My mind, is like a stepped pyramid, or an terraced hill... and through, the setting forth, of a grammatical duad...

on the page... 'I write, therefore, my mood is improved...' a relationship, of one to the other... more confidence, is then gained... as to, the perceptions, of the ever morphing past-present-future field, or ground. I think, the best things about writing, might include... the self assertion, the self affirmation of writing... the assuming, to an extent, of the reins, of ones life, and time... and the empowering sense, of newness, this can bring. New thought... new ideas... to a writer, these are analogous, to new life. *To a writer, living is centered, around, his or her livelihood... his craft, or avocation... much like, a mother hen, to the eggs, in her*

nest. New ideas, are welfare, well-being,
and sustenance... when, they are well
placed, on a page. Writers, somehow learn
a sort of dancing courtship... with ideas,
onto the page. Dance, is really the key.
I've thought this before: Starting with a
familiar, tried and true introductory idea, a
writer, sets in motion, the hand-eye-mind
circulation, or current, of ideas, onto the
page... you might not think, there is new
thought about... and find yourself,
surprised, and gifted, by a new essay, or
paragraph.... spun forth from, the unique
now... when there never has been, nor will
ever be, a moment, like this one again...

Now, is unique. There's a perspective, one can find, if blessed with inner clarity... of an ever-evolving, universal, as well as individual, flow of moments... *this present moment, is component-nature, of the same universal flow, or flux, of moments, found within even the most distant star systems.*

So, throughout all the universe, there is but one now. It may be future, to one, or past, to another... but now is unique... will be, or was. Thoughts, upon the fullness, of the now. Another direction, or idea, which can be delved into, is how size dimension, is an entirely relative concept. Very small, becomes the inside surface... which loops

around, to form a continuum, with very big... two sides, of the same coin. So, and this, I think, is a writers invention... for interior illumination, of the soul... a constant, which can be referenced, time and again... *an means, for getting in step, with universal, classical traditions*. So, while we look within ourselves, we are simultaneously looking towards the heavens... and finding, a natural, common ground, between heaven and earth... one then, quests no more. I think, the most common typifier, of the digital age, we live in, is change. And, in this period, of worldwide recession, as the inexplicata,

and ineptness, of the previous two decades,
have come, at last to light... and with cold
winds, at times whipping around our
collars... *change, is not really what
everyone wants...* for there are plenty of
established, men and women, who just
want to hold onto, what they have got. I
think, older people, can be this way... just
trying to get a handle, on the state of
things, today... and holding firm, to the
past. The younger, are always coming
about, and so I think the pain of growing
up, is much, today. There can't be much
extra cushion; the breaks and slips, are
painful... less free. So, I want to be

sensitive, to younger folk. And, too, I wonder... our precious home planet, Earth... I think, back, across the weeks, and months... I think, perhaps such issues, as ice crystals, forming more frequently, in upper atmosphere... a steep drop, in upper atmospheric temperatures, as the reader, might have read... and down on the surface, the solar cycles, and carbon pollution, is holding sway... amongst planet consciousness... not to mention, ocean water pollution, deforestation, and proliferation, of genetically modified food crops...pronounced glacial melt, and rising sea levels... these are just a few obvious

guesses, as to ways, our Gaia, might be withholding... and resistant, to change... well, when change, might include the plunging of the planet into another ice age... resistance to change... is just natural.

And there are conundrums, afoot, at times... empty space, often seems two-faced... and polar opposites, and harsh contrasts... live in close proximity... yes, is no. So, the Planet Spirit, seems, to myself, at age 40, unusually cold, and resistant, to rates of change. So, there's a distinct harrowing,... as peripheral vision, is at times caught up in... change factors, happening miles beneath the crust... it's the

ages old effect, of attachment, and grasping, causing pain. So, the Buddhaists, and myself... and many others... have given, dispassioned detachment, high priority. This is the remaining constantly aware, of ever-changing feelings, and sensations... and refraining, from grasping, at ghosts.

~

Whenever new writing arises, from within the mists of my mind... about myself...in a flowing coming together... I reach for my word processor keyboard, and begin

writing. Actually, the art of writing, is like
unto a triune, or triad, of functions... a
flowering, upward, from my human
physiology, my subpsyche.... which I am
able, to engage within, like putting boat
into a stream...and throughout the areas, of
subtle will, and typing know-how, over
course of time, compose an article, or
essay... a righting, of my vessel, within the
water... a natural, and learned response
behavior, which comes up, sometimes...
during times, of tectonic stress, and strain.
I'm usually subtly attuned, within myself...
to the fossilized, artforms, I have invested
time, energy, and patience, into creating

over the years. Music, literature... it's the ways, a father, knows whenever and whatever, his progeny, does... so I am all within, the life and times, of my externalized art. To accomplish, a thoughtful, stimulating article, or essay, is sort of like quantum chemistry. Physical discomfort, is a hinderance, so I want to make myself comfortable... When I sit to write, it's akin to a concentrated, and quantifiable, receptiveness, yet from within an unattached kind of no-mind sort of place... an recorded linearity, of expression. The writer sees, hands... heart... mind... all one. *There's a new and*

brilliant field of study, which I think, is related as probiotics. This is the idea, which suggests, that, simply, we as people, are souls... *our souls, are we ourselves...*

and our intricate physical bodies, are conceived from union of sperm and egg....

our light bodies, start microscopic, and through cell division, and growing, along genetic codes, using nutrients and oxygenated blood through our umbilical cord, as sustenance, grow to full term, and are born into the world. The miracle of life, itself, is no simple demonstration, I should think, of what must be, numerous quantum states, and functions, and

properties, and principles, which might well could be corroborated, through quantum physics... *by studying particles, their non-linear behavior, and interactions with each other.* Like 'spooky action, at a distance,' so do living systems, develop, and function in perfect harmony, and symphony. A tissue... a membrane... an vesicle. *We, can quantify the bodys blueprint, within the genetic sequence.... it however takes miracle redundancy... it takes union of mother, and father...the miracle, of a third presence... to allow central nervous system, to create circulatory system, respiratory, and*

endocrine system, to have them develop and function as one, with fluid grace. So, when one wishes to tune into, the subtle rhythms and flows, about him or her self, he can just look within. Finding, a place of complete contentment... within which he or she knows, there is no place to go, or arrive at at all... everything is accomplished.... this is truly the best part of the day, for myself. Sometimes, when my mind, is feeling pressured, or pulled, in different directions... when I am in a time, of experiential, travelling... getting to the word processor, is essentially, when one gets 'off of the merry go round...' and

begins, to speak, to the differences, of the day... from a still center, within him or her self. So, finding harmonies, and relationships, amongst ones self, and higher selves, comes easily... when one says, what one feels, onto paper... and refrains, from being, outside, of that still center... or from speaking from a less, than whole hearted, relationship, unto 'the entire self.' I believe, that my small, quiet world, can put forth beneficial art... in keeping with simplicity, and speaking, only that which I really desire, to say... nothing more. It becomes, like unto a tracing, or articulation, of that which may be vague, or shadowy, forms,

below level of immediate appearances... an
constant, clarification, and illumination, of
ones own particular, perspective... an
elaboration, upon just whom one is,
presently, with regards, to the figmentary,
sensory awarenences, playing along his or
her sixth sense. *So, and when one can feel,*
as if his or her words, are serving, as an
balancing, factor, amongst disparate,
elements... amongst, self, and higher
selves... between, within, and without...
well, then, this is lke unto an higher
calling... an aligning, amongst, that which
might seem, to be clashing, colliding
waves... all along, that which is like unto

personal choices, and a personal style. So,
'What's it all about?' For myself, this day,
has but led up to, this writing... so this is
it... *this is my sum.* My questing, ceases...

for I myself, am fashioning, a page of
answers... presently, I am placing, the days,
shadows, onto the page. *They then have*
such less power, over myself... and I
consider, in the clear light, of bliss... that
which at times, seems so intangible... so
phantasmagoric, so obtuse, and misshapen.

So, and finding a place, of tranquility, and
quietude, within myself, is the most, I
could aspire unto. So, you'll often find me
in an experiential modality... it may seem,

as if I can't be reached, or I'm distant, and
distracted. *But, at the end of the day, when
I get to arrive, at a place of writing... a re-
telling... it's from a perspective, then, of
some knoweldge, some experience.*

Without, having gone the mile, or travelled,
the distance, *seeing, anothers*
perspective.... I'd be at more, of a loss,
verbally. The text medium, for myself, is
the key, which turns the lock, this day. So,
maybe, through the subtle suggestions, of
the written word... anothers mind, will find
itself placated... for within changing times,
it's good to know, there are yet constants.

ON PSYCHIC DISCERNMENT

WHEN ONE DESIRES, to look within,
he or she might start, with a familiar, tried
and true idea, or flow of ideas... just get
yourself thinking, onto the page, with the
typewriter keyboard. I myself, don't always
have, much real direction, of my own, any
given time... it's only as words and
thoughts progress, on the page, that I find,
ideas and concepts, can spark, from one
expression... words, lines of thought,
paragraphs... to the next... writing, seems
to usually, take care of itself. People, in my

world, talk in terms, of feelings: 'I don't feel good, right now,' or 'I do, feel good.' I am for, that thought, or less. I am following you, or simply, 'you've lost me.' Tonight, my soul guide, is leading me to bring these ideas, to your consciousness... ghosts, I've found, can cause such a blurryness...

detailed objects, or concepts, or ideas, or topics, can be lost, in a haze, of generalized discomfiture. So, I wonder, if in thoughts, of the paranormal... or just for ease of reference, *the anomalous*... a top priority, for an investigator, or researcher, might be, in keeping faith, with being specific. So, I feel, less than good... my mind's a blur...

but specifically, just what sort of being, is relating, unto myself? Can I localise him or her, with respects, to ones forward vision, and spatial consciousness? I think, that while beings, or elementals, perceived within the minds eye, are specific, distinct existances, they can express, themselves into ones life, along very specifically non-personal sorts of ways. And this, might could be said to comprise, or pertain unto ones space-time relationship. I think, it could be said, that in thoughts of dwellers within higher realms... 'nothing personal,' can be seen as a principle mantra. So, while, these will usually be familiars, from

'somewhere within ones family tree,' and such relationships, with such beings, are given, of what must be thought 'family attraction,' 'natural familial bonds,' 'family love,' we just understand, at a point, that such will inter act with a persons soul, as a mode, of relationship maintainance... *ones relationship, to life, and living... ones relationship, to East, or West, North, or South... to Earth, Air, Fire, or Water... to Time... to a specific period of time... to a matriarch, or patriarch... and future, standing, therewith, more so than with, or pertaining unto, the being, at hand.* Beings, perceived within the mind, are almost

always, *go-betweens*, or *intermediaries*...
usually standing between, the person, and
his or her God (concept.) When, an being
shows up, close within consciousness...
*such is intrinsically, relative... to future
times... and ensuring good footing within
the future, with respects to some specific
object, being, place, concept, construct.*

There are many people, with blurry
vision... whom might be lacking, in
specific, knowledges, of intra-dimensional
dwellers, beyond, him or herself... *and
dimensional relationships*... illusion, holds
sway with many. So, always remember,
within the mind... it's just a testing

ground... a grand illusion... so don't be
seduced, by fashion, and blurry
phantasms... *like drama... comedy, and
tragedy*. Changing times, and having much
information close at hand, can tend to make
one prone to flights of fantasy, *but always,
be specific, and specifically, be honest with
yourself, if you're writing. Do you really
know, the meanings, and relationships, of
word families you reference? Or are one
just being dramatic, and using sweeping,
hyperbole, and exaggeration?*

When one goes about to write, he or she
looks upon, the surfaces of the ethers,
which comprise, or signify, the threshold,

between consciousness, and subconscious
mind. Music, travels on the air. Passing
through air, sound waves pick up
perceptual quanta which are characteristic,
of local space-time. Is the time, healthy,
and strong... radiant, and joyful... tranquil
and stable... hopeful, or positive...
exuberant... introspective, reflective,
creative, inter-connected, and at one with
self? Joyous? Ecstatic? Fulfilled?
Rewarding? Rich? Overflowing and
bouyant? How are 'life, liberty, and the
pursuit of happiness,' holding up, amidst
this, or another patch of space-time.

Today, tomorrow, and forseably... is ones

integrity, and the integrity of his or her surroundings, faring better... less, or more.

One can hear, signs, of all these relationships, today, from beneath, and behind, recorded music, as it is perceived, through the inner ear. Is future, financially secure... is there gainful work, and self-worth? How is physical health and inner well-being, doing, with respects, to previous times in ones life? And ones extended family... these being ones greater self... is entire self, healthy, and happy? Seeing these things, from day to day, and onward, is the gift which being able to perceive, underlying chemistry, affords...

the matrix, through which music travels, is air. So, and the local spirit, doesn't really keep secret, the perceptions, pertaining to future. And here's the gist: '*Empty space, has handles... you can grasp it.*'

Remember, in listening, and feeling, today: Ones entire physical and inner self, is a net, of *most sensitive receptors*... ones feelings, inwardly, and outwardly, form, or comprise the collective readout, or meter, or oscilloscope. Emotive tonal colors... reading them, from ones self, and from within others selves, cues the collective, within the place, in as to health, wellbeing, and happiness. So answers, are plenty,

from within our own selves... one needn't
go beyond, for understanding, and
appreciation, of local space-time. Look
upon, ones oscilloscope. I stay tuned in,
like this... through offering descriptions,
upon the page, of varying patterns, and
waveforms, which are continually, playing
about... *I keep myself posted*. Nowadays,
when I go to the page, I will have a
measure, of experiences, like these, from
since my last writing session. Elementals,
represent times of change. One needn't
personally be affected by changes, to find
prescience, pertaining unto them.
Springtime, is always a time of change, and

new growth. Changing times, upon earth...

my mind relays, such into my
consciousness... mostly, as a sort of tactile,
rhythmic pulling and stretching, perceived
within, or upon my inner ear, or cochlea.

So, and as an useful method for helping
illuminate, these relationships, I have in the
past, sought, to localise, the boundaries, of
the mind... *you see, such and such a time,*

*upon this planet, will usually be
represented, by a sort of blurring, or
interference pattern, upon surface, of the
pool, of my own deep mind. Within myself,
I might be calm, stable, and tranquil... I
will have the ability ranges, to guide*

*myself, throughout the experience... but
upon the reflective surface, of the
unconscious mind, will be effects, varying
from, ripples... to crashing waves... some
quantum variances, within the subtle air
composition, can have more pronounced
effects... others, less. So, I have
postulated, that these subtle changes, are
mediated, or allowed, into, or onto ones
perceptions... partly through animistic
representational methods. The being,
representing, the change... is outside, or
below, the level of my conscious
awareness... yet one can infer, its presence,
and find leverage, then, upon what might*

be mysterious... *by looking at the interference patterns, upon the surfaces of the mind.* So, and where is it, that I have acquired, insight which can allow, such a leap of faith? Such seems, almost to be like a genetic memory... something intrinsic, to my being. But, at any rate, I think most people, use one or another visualisation method, for lessening certain tensions. I am glad, that I do not have any physical discomforts today; my pains, are almost always, psychical.

ENERGY...

THE ETERNAL DELIGHT

THIS QUOTE BY WILLIAM BLAKE,

states how, when we migrate, our consciousness, to the underlying energy, flowing through all that is... this can affect the ways, we see and appreciate the world.

One wants to be alive, and see, feel and express vitality, and excitement. In solving... the puzzles, the analogues presented by his or her inner sensory palate, it can be an assist, to just have some 'start words,' say, for instance, a phrase, like that which starts this sentence, I am typing now. I have surely found, that it can help, so much, to set forth a few

words... one begins, a typing rhythm...
from the beginning, of the article, and
words, fall into place, here on my page. So,
rather, than trying to be so inventive, and
find ever increasingly new ideas, for words
onto pages, let the typing dance, do the
work for yourself. My fingers interact with,
the evolving moment, and while, I've
written 'ideas about ideas,' often enough,
the content, I find, is so particular, to the
present moment... such that, the interest,
can be maintained, across time, within this
writing. So, the writing, is mostly,
pertaining to ones present, indwelling
moment. So, when one sees, how the

moment is created anew, always... it never
reappears, or repeats... in quite the same
way... this lets, me relax, my conventions,
and strictures, so much... so it's as if,
there's no particular need, for this writing
to be special... right away, it is
individuation, in microcosmic, detail.
Language, weights... lend more credence,
or importance, to one or another idea... as
one places such on to the page. There's a
strata, of conscientiousness, through which
one shapes, words onto the page. So, in
truth, one has already, all of the signposts,
and trail markers, set forth, within ones,
language collective.. through which he or

she expresses, him or herself.

The perceptions, afore myself, this day...
space, is ringing... singing. I've just today
received back a very limited edition, of my
current writing projects, printed and
bound... so, there's something new,
something, real, for the bookshelf. This,
naturally, starts me in thought, toward
these humming, ringing perceptions. My
Christmas, has come twice, this year...

first, as the world had a safe happy
Christmas Day, and secondly, as I received
my two printed copies back from a local
printshop. So, in looking upon the leading
edge, of my moments tonight, I can see two

or three interesting features, which I've been noticing recently. Awareness of flow... is like astral light... (This volume presence, within the self, seems to be dimensional consciousness awareness, itself. Maybe consciousness awareness, is like the splashing, of the ever arising, billowing futures, upon ones physique, and neuronal net... upon ones inward turning.)

Secondly, I can recollect, an lengthy experience from my early 20s, where I first saw, that this inner consciousness, can be attuned, or redirected, by higher mind, to the areas of electrical conductivity, copper wires, behind the walls, of my house. My

experience, (I didn't request it consciously... this was an life changing experience, however...) then stepped up, several degrees, and I got distinct impressions, of phenomenal, subatomic overtness... a polarized, consciousness, I had then. I remember listening, appropriately, to Jimi Hendrix. Alot. So, this experience was of a kind of ultra-real, literally surging, 'dance of atoms,' , within my abode. You might can imagine, the feeling. Like ionized air, piqueing in a house, during an electrical storm, or a strange paranormal experience. Frizzed out.

So, this would be far out.

You're sitting alone, in a room, there's furniture about. Within the walls of a house, is wiring, supplying the outlets, and ceiling fixtures, as well as appliances. Electric circuits flow through all the walls of most houses. You play your stereo, and music comes from conical transducers, which convert signals of electricity into vibrations, which can easily pass through the air all around. And, whilst these charged electrons, are flowing through the 'veins' of your house, there are the near light-speed energy oscillations, of an even stronger, stranger sort, which are continually happening, within all dense

matter... these orbits, and oscillations, lend to material objects, their dense qualities.

Einsteins equasion: *Energy of an object, equals = Mass x speed of light Squared.*

So, energy, and mass, are proportional... the speed of light remains constant. There is an highly attuned, state one can find, wherein electricity, becomes, the foremost aspect, of an habitat; superceding other perceptions, then, is the sense, of voltages, of charged particles, coursing, or surging behind the plaster, and wallpaper...

electrified music, rock music, therein is a high energy experience... (this can also be a neutral plane, of consciousness, one

might find... more reified, so much more spiritual, I feel than psychedelics, or psychosis, which I guess in some conditions, could be imposed, upon the mind, or which the mind could fall into... not naturally present, otherwise.)

Awareness, of subatomic, waves, or particles... this energy... whether or not readily, or properly analogous, to such actual energies present, within dense matter... is nonetheless a powerful experience, a powerful, just overt, thing, to perceive. Perhaps, this experience, is recollected within me now, a reckoning, or a reminder, of the universe of energy, a

meditation, for bringing the mind into awareness, of the energy underlying all matter, and life... or as a cautioning.

Magic, novelty, is all about. The world is created by choices, and it is empowered, and brought to life, by countless miracles, and expressions, which are continuously happening everywhere, on just every level.

There is also a subtle energy, that which flows through the perceptual and sub-perceptual planes. So, we just can't let ourselves take the world for granted. The world holds together, because millions of hands, are forever creating and

maintaining, and enlivening it. So, this is

good to know. And, when someone feels pretty good, he or she then can do pretty good works. Physical discomfort may be the only thing preventing you from accomplishing your life ambitions, however humble they may be.

Additional thoughts upon, energy, mass, and light... $E=mc^2$ is a true, equation. It factors out. This we understand, through our minds... the eyes of truth... through which the universe, knows itself. I know... because I weigh, things. This suffices, for knowing. The ranges of the variable, to the constants, seems proportionally in the right range. So, as I weigh things, over time, I

learn about natures... I learn of
relationships, like action and
consequence... hunger, and fulfillment...
alertness, and distraction. Waking, and
sleeping. I learn, of equality. So, energy,
varies, according to mass... and the speed
of light... is a constant, in that equation...
mass, could be the variable. More mass,
equates to more energy. The constants, of
chemistry... like the constants, in physics...
as long, as you stay, in sight of the
constants... everything's fine. You can make
small changes, here and there... but these
changes won't necessarily be supported, by
the system. Or supported, by the universe.

So, the Theosophists, I feel, are probably accurate, in seeing how, we have to remember... the universe, is all inclusive, and is therefore a constant. Writers such as H.P.B. seemed to suggest, that *the universe, is as the universe does*. When we observe, inanimate matter, over time, it reacts the same ways, toward changes, made to itself. An ecological environment, for example... *if you practice, farming techniques, which abide by wholistic farming rules... you won't lose the topsoil... the economy won't suffer*. I say this, because I know this. Farming today, when made sustainable, doesn't really

impact the environment adversely.

So, in living, I find, the world I knew, as a youngster... its density, and permanance...

but I've acquired a new language, for myself... one through which to bring, the soul, into awareness, of itself... and

highlighting the mechanics, of a *philosophy of mind*. So, philosophy of mind, is a unique field of study, where words matter.... the balance, flow, and poetic harmony, of an idea, within itself, and attendant idea families, have equal importance, as to whether it is empirically factual. You see, the language, of logic, opens up, and one finds, then, a limitless

eleysium. And, the mind finds its home,
within the human brain... and the 5 or 10
watts, of neural energy, which bring it to
life... simply allow, it to remain healthy,
and alive. Thoughts, form, or arise, of
external and internal poetrys, delved from
material constructs... for these, when seen
in contrast, or as complement, to ones own
record keeping, and written word... draw
through and amongst the ins and outs, of
word flow, of craft arrangements, an
aetherial light energy... a forward
momentum, or organic progression... which
is generated, by comparative self-analysis,
as internal patterns... arcs, angles, lines...

shapes, circular, triangular... symmetrys,
and asymmetrys... chaotic elements... like
randomness, in composition... rhythm and

rhyme, and so forth... appear to the
eyesight, to flow, and I've found, lead the
mind aethers, inwardly and outwardly,
along their inner poetrys, and external
harmonies... one with the other. 'So, there

may well, be an universe, which runs
parallell to this physical one... *but, it's a
living Spirit, for want of better word, the
mind.* So, while, we know, here we're the

living ones, and the dense physical
universe, is home... those inhabitants,
within the gray areas, of life... the mists,

which collect in corners of rooms, and
drape things, like a veil, upon the world...
are just as equally adapted, unto their own
position and pay, and roles, and
boundaries, as we on this side are... and
both, each have such pride, and
permanance, and subtleties, within
themselves... pastimes, and traditions.

*Conventions, and priorities, and
standards.* ' 'So, it may well be, that there's
a far more classical, timeless civilization,
just to the other side of the veil... I think
such realm, would be just as dependent
upon us, as we are of them. So, together,
seeming to form one whole... inwardly, and

figmentary... and dense, and heavy. You can't have the one, without the other. *The two dimensions, to the coil... solid, and aether.* ' 'And so, finding non-ordinary states of consciousness, I have always wanted to transpose, these things onto the page. With me, consciousness can have such extremes... my learned response, has for years been to get myself to the word processor keyboard. This should come across, to the reader or listener... there's what might be termed, an ecstatic sort of verve, in much of this writing. So, I hope the listener, can find works, which are appropriate, for the time in which they are

created... this 21st century, of wonders.'

SPATIO-SPIRITUAL AWARENESS

WAVES IN THE WATERS, OF THIS
ROCK POOL, form concentric
emanations, converging, and traversing, the
deep middle. Irridescent light reflections,
create sparkles and facets, within the dark
crystalline surface. Lamp-light falls upon
the one side, of the spreading tree
branches...while the other, is whispering
darkness. A painterly scene, which
describes, a breezy night. As I describe this

night, I am growing conscious, of my
minds volume, and multi-dimensionality.
Beyond its reaches, there is no night... no
consciousness, of night, nor day.

Consciousness, is its own light,
illuminating the present now, for myself,
(and thereby indicating, presence, of the
land, of no-time, within which my
consciousness is suspended. I'll stay on this
side.) Other, worlds, are beyond, and
elsewhere, within the matrix, which lies
between... but of the oceanic, depths, of the
spaces between: *dimensional references,*
such as time, place, distance... therein lose
all meaning... all relevance. When once,

one learns to be aware, of both positive,
and negative, space, of a scene... the
surface tension fluctuations, upon the
boundary, separating the two, (place, and
no-place,) becomes ongoing narrative... a
never-ending story, and one thereby knows,
an philosophers stone. So, having, an
awakened, mind, can be, the sort of sense
of boundary... when one knows, set
boundaries... he or she knows also, a
command, over his expressive, abilities.
And having, full command, over ones own
expressions, this allows, one to be
artistically experimental. *So, this is how it
seems, to peer forth, from my psyche, this*

night. Recently, I've been seeing, how empty space, the volumes, of atmosphere, about our living... must be, such a dimensionless land. So, and the light sources, nearby, are that, because ones brain, perceives them, to be. So, this which we perceive, about ourselves... (those of us gifted, with spatio-spiritual awareness, etheric consciousness, anyway...) appears to the mind, to be somewhat of a void... the boundary, separating, the outsides, from the insides... appears, to be our skin... and upon its surfaces... especially, around the ears, eyes... voice area... nose, and mouth... *appears, to be a convergence, of sea...*

*shore, and sky... waves, suck continually,
upon the shingles, of this shoreline...*

another writer, on clouds: *Does the inside,
define the outside... or does the outside
define the inside?* But one thing for sure...
continual frictional pressing, downward,
upon my subpsyche... whether it's oceanic,
or atmospheric... the pressing is a constant.

So, and great, gentle beings... *form a
thrall*, seeming to arise, from within the
void... catching, my consciousness, pulling
corners... peering inside... within my
world... through the windows, of my eyes.
Guides, and companions come in close,
most times. *Astral rain... let it pour.*

Downspouts... help send the water, down and away... about my feet. I just think it's important, that we see these notions. They hang out, around the eaves and rafters, of these rooms. And, so, perceptions, can vary, from moment to moment. (Largely dependant upon the spin-offs, the by-products, of sentient forms, in time and space... the mists, arising forth...) And it's not even, as if the man upstairs is even trying to conceal this from ourselves. He makes no quibble about letting us know... perceptions, can be challenging, to negotiate, to navigate... chaos, and distortion, are par for the course. This, I

guess, is why the mind is sometimes seen a testing ground, a grand illusion... *myth, and rite, forming its recognizable semblances*. So, does one see my point? I just think, it is not socially acceptable, or anywhere within convention, to maintain, or even believe, that the world disappears, when we close our eyes. *It just won't*. So, we living upon earth presently, are alive, and now is now, here. But, it seems, there are those, who have at one time or another, been placed under anaesthesia, or been knocked unconscious in an accident... without definite continuance of consciousness, boundaries, can get blurry...

one might, sway, and entertain thoughts,
that he or she, didn't even survive the
procedure... and that his or her life
presently, is within the adjacent plane of
existence, from the previous. He or she is
in a kind of transient, heavenly sphere,
where rules are still the same, but, the mind
gets a little swimmy. Or, the illusion, that
one never dies... *but see the danger?* So,
these are some of the effects, I experience,
in my life. Here's a thought: See, one's own
life, from the inside... along, one's internal
volumes... and be yourself... don't worry
about outside views. *Be within yourself.*

WRITING AS ALCHEMY

WHEN ONE HOPES, TO LOOK

**WITHIN, his or her mind, and
subconscious mind... he might, sit before, a
computer keyboard. To look at, what this
or another day is saying, unto ones self...
this can require, a simple flowing, of
words, onto the printed page... for, in
midst, of the ordinary, can come, the
marvellous... when one remains attuned, as
to the negative spaces, about the self... and
incorporates, both positive, and negative,
attributes, of the space you're within. So,**

in writing, tonight, I am conscious, of the
great joy, which comes, with, seeing these
words, unfold, onto the page... I am
thinking, about, the future... my own
future, that of Earth... and gingerly
directing, the reins, of this article, this way
and that, and especially, weighing, ideas,
and forms, as they are placed, upon the
page... and feeling, the subtle, rewards. So,
perhaps, firstly, tonight... this writing, is an
discernment... and having, attuned, within
my feelings, sense, that my present words,
onto the page, are a sort, of alchemy, of
that which, usually, becomes the
predominant, characteristic, within

publishing... the passive, reflective sort, of experiential modality, which, seems so, very profound... thru writing, or just placing words, upon the page, my whole mind, begins to smile, as I really can see, how, the functioning writer... is a joyous being. So, looking within, is an unbinding, and an releasing, of positive feelings from within, the subconscious mind. I may not, always, know, topically, what will be covered, within this or another article... but just incorporating, a very small amount of adventure, into my day... this zephyr, or that... one or another trade wind... I am very conscious... at times, of key beings,

within my own ancestry, and joyous, in
this allowance, onto the page... that, which
might, be very important, to myself...
within writing... had I not looked within,
well, I would never have known. So, and
there's, a lot of importance, to myself, in
keeping, my personal wheels turning... I
would, refrain, from remaining the same,
for too much time, at a stretch... the
positive changes, I am able, to highlight,
and negotiate, and navigate, through a new
written article... well, another handhold...
within this sometimes tumultuous ocean.
Another, footstep, on the path, of recent
ideas, into my own future.

So, time has gone by, and I can see, that my mind and senses, are often employed, along alchemical lines... what I mean by that, is thus: I have already seen, how one of the main rewards, of being within Western culture, today, is security... we need it... we desire it... and having it, are seen to thrive, in countless ways. We establish ourselves, within the world, and tirelessly work, to keep, and ensure, this establishment. So, myself, finding, great sensitivity, over time, to subtle variances, in the air composition, about my self... in staying connected, to the spirits, of things, creatures, times, and just everything,

within the world... (it isn't too much trouble, for myself... to stay posted on, and sometimes, over space of time, interact within, the ever-evolving spiritual ethos... of my home, and those of other ideas, and places... beings, establishments, and institutions, all within this Earth...) I find myself, often led to put my thoughts, upon the written page. So, and just all these, to an extent... are mainly, *my personal relevancies, with times, places, people, and groups, and cultures, within my own culture...* My inner ears, are so very receptive, and discerning... to subtle variances, *in the air composition, believe*

it or not... about my self... does this or that, pertain to myself, or is it an interest... more or less... my subtle receptivity, keeps me informed. So, and this, these things, then, is my reason, for writing these words... to an extent... I write, to interface, and interact with the evolving times, about myself... so, there's sort of, an alchemical relationship... between, my inner ear, receptors, and my verbal, or language, area. So, I feel, the art of writing, for myself, is almost always, a subtle transmutation, *of that which comes through peripheral channels*, which I find from within inner ear, or cochlea... into, and through the

agency, of language... onto my pages. So, these words, are, most commonly, written, as a sort of balancing maneuver, or self-righting, of my boat... an written response, to the energies, encountered, within my senses, solely from non-referential sources, or modalities. So, if it wants, to show up, within the page, it will be a useful gadget, or observation, or device... a turn-of-phrase, an inventors, sort, of relationship... to the subtle, always evolving, lives, and times, of those about myself... and this place, I find myself within... this land, or this day, and age. So, I hope reader, will, receive these

words, and see how, art... literature, music, visual art, style and design is often, in response, to subtle signals... which one finds psychic relationship with. Have a pleasant weekend.

NATURAL RESTORATION

LOOKING OUTSIDE, BEING AT REST, in an natural environment, for more than an hour at a stretch, as I have this week... has given me glimpses, into the idyllic lands, of this ecosystem. For at least, ten thousand years, animal life, in North

America, has existed, in relatively
unchanging ways... crawling, amongst the
grasses... hopping, across the underbrush...

burrowing, beneath the surface, of the
soil... the birds of the air... which are ken,
to spend so much time, in trees... *all these
beings, belong to the Mother Earth.*

Nature... doesn't have religion, as we think
of it... *but she has religion, of her own.*

Never, has there been a technological
advancement... made by an animal... she
knows not, just what is a printing press...
*neither does commerce, nor money have
relevance, to her, much.* The internal
combustion engine, *was an invention,*

which entirely passed her by... her
existence, remains more or less
unchanged... untouched, by electricity... the
lever, and the pulley, are foreign
concepts... far too complex, for her simple
needs. This afternoon, looking at the
honeybees, and bumblebees, skitting
around, lazily, from clover frond, to
frond... *the butterfly, going along, landing,*
on the honeysuckle, upon the fence... shiny
black birds, grazing in the grass, all day
long, each day... the robin, tending her
young... *the priestly cardinal, overseeing*
things... gazing over all, with penetrating,
flashing eyes... and along comes the two

*yellow dogs, from the house on the corner,
making their rounds, through the
neighborhood.* Nature, knows unbroken
time... to her, with the sunshine above, and
temperatures mild, in this part of the
country, this week... well, *today is just as
glorious a day, as ever there was... ever.*
Animals, in my guestimate, today, know a
smooth, unbroken continuum, of
existence... ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
Never, has an animal, made a mark, upon a
parchment... or had a car payment... her
lands, and ways, are unchanging... *there is
but this one, habitable planet, here... she
finds herself, joyous, in travelling, through*

her cycles... pupae, or larvae... to full grown insect... eggs hatch... a juvenile bird, learns to fly... a wolf, starts as a pup, and suckles, at her mothers breast... finally leaving birth family, for new family... for the wilds beyond, and finding a mate, of her own. So, so far, as we know, here, there is just this one Earth...but the instincts, of the animal spirit... I think, she probably knows... those natural signs, which mean winter is on its way... or the other way around... warmer weather is coming... fly north. life, has been upon this planet, for so long... in fact, she probably has subconscious instinctual

rememberance... of times, suggesting an interglacial period, is near... or like the present... *more is spoken, of coming ice age.* (Or, how would we know, if she did? Or didn't... maybe not always a conscious mind, is the animal... if we but know how to ask, she might would say.) *The dimensions, of the universe, are a correlate of its age.* creation, is vast... *it is also vastly old.* And, this goes, I feel, for Earth as well. So, and some of the recent archaeological discoveries... or geological... Fossil human footprints, have been found, in just million(s) years old rock. See? *What this does for myself, is a*

*kind, of a 'second wind,' an renewal, in
faith... our species, our times and places
on Earth... this isn't antiquity! It's not
modernity, either! There's only the one
habitable planet, and we're upon it. No
need, really to scan the night skies, for
signs of life, or intelligence... when we can
understand, the gentle language, of wild
animals... well, we can easily see, some
varied examples, of life, which comes
about, when, as upon this planet, climates
are hospitable, or amenable, unto that life
existing. These, are some examples... we
can find, within the back yard, or in a
pond... so, isn't that just amazing? , and*

those ideas, about nearing ice age...
pertain, I think, mostly, to the spike, in
temperatures, which sedimentary
geological records, reveal, in the past... just
before, ice ages, have caused widespread
glaciation. So, and will nature, tell you the
same? Probably not, from amongst local
fauna, in most places... *but it's just that the
geological records, do.* So, this would
really change, life upon Earth. The other
possibility, is I guess the greenhouse
effect... but it just seems like, humanitys
carbon footprint, might could cause such.
But, with rising temperatures, presently,
the long-range outlook, is probably, an

glacial period... which may last, far longer,
than has this present inter-glacial, time.

~

The varied examples, of living beings,
which we find, within this corner, of our
Milky Way Galaxy... are right here, within
the back yard, or in the local park. *The
flora, and fauna, to be found, upon Earth,
are typical, of this particular patch, of
space-time.* I do, feel that if more of us,
were aware, of the web of life, about
human culture, we would, rather, than
feeling the loneliness, which the night sky

radio backdrop, would suggest... (no signs, really, of intelligent life, or civilisation, can be found... seemingly... *no intelligent beacons, from beyond...*) grow, into *somewhat more mature, understanding, of those creatures, which we do find... and begin to uncover, this conscious universe, in so much, as it shows up, upon this temperate planet Earth.* Or, is Nature, less than conscious... forever enfolded, within the dreams of matter? *At any rate, the truth, of space exploration, has revealed, that those other planets, within our solar system... are such in-hospitable, harsh environments... that life, as we know it,*

really has no foothold, therein. This Earth, however, is more amenable, to life, in general... and has been since time immemorial... and, is virtually teeming with life. So, and seeing this, then should, give us, this understanding: Had, it not been such divine providence, within the spans, of Eternity... arranging, it to be such that Earth's orbit, is just so tuned, for biological organisms... ourselves, and other animals, and plants should thrive here... then, our little solar system, would be as un-remarkable, as the others, we have been able to discern, around neighboring stars. Environments,

throughout, would be just as barren, and
lifeless... as the common rocks, and
planets, elsewhere. You see... *we are*
human... we use tools... we make them, and
employ them, within extensive information
gathering agencies... of all sorts...
research, is the name of the game, within
todays universities, and this lays
foundations, for industrialised society, as
we have construed it.... and since, we use
tools... then, ourselves, or our fathers... or
our fathers fathers... within lands above...
aeons ago, noticed this planet, and began,
through un-numbered seasons, of change,
and inertia, within this solar system, to

look down, over many epochs, upon the Earth... and beginning, to shape, the subtle orbital and axial relationships... from within upon high... 'round about our star, the Sun, started the gradual, process, of suggesting... this planetary sphere. Herein, humans, form the topmost beings, within the food chain... while, animals, are generally subservient, unto us, or dwell within the wild. So, it appears, to my mind, to be that our human kind, is the chief species... animals, and plantlife, then form our multi-tiered urchin fold... our subjects... we dwell together... each relys, upon the other. Animals, form an sort of

organism, of many... an fairy-tale host..
could it be, then, that nature, has looked,
upon our human kind, seen our bipedal
locomotion, and the digits we have upon
our hands; *she has deputised, ourselves...*
into being the eyes of the world... an
information gathering-stewardship
relationship. *Or, could it be that we are*
the only species, with smarts, enough, to
rise above... those dreams, of matter?
Either position could be argued. Another
writer, might see, the Lux Naturae... the
light within Nature... to be a conscious
presence... which we ourselves, might grow
wise unto... and understanding the highest

ideals, of the human mind, *to be but*
distantly kin to, and emulative of, Nature.
Still another, soul, would see that, to be
the reading too much into nature, and
instead, of dreaming, simply derive, what
resources, we can from plants, animals,
and the soil, water, air, and sunlight... and
carry on, within wise stewardship, of the
lands... and ensure, however, that our
unique species, remains wholly distinct...
from any and all fauna... and this, so as to
ensure, the integrity, and distinctness, of
what means it to be human. *So, really,*
these are modern perspectives, within our
human culture.. Each may be valid. I

think, that Nature, is a healer, within herself, and for ages, man has sought, occasionally, and individually... a return to nature. For, she will tend to admit, the human, a ways, into her society... if shown, a human soul should wish for an 'personal return,' to wholeness. *So, there will always, be ones, who like myself... have drawn nurturance and sustenance, from the common bonds with natural life... nature, forms a sort of respite, from the ways of men and women... for when, the world has worn me thin, I return to a place of quietude, within the back yard, or upon a mountaintop.* So, and then, however, I take

leave, of her, and return to my own kind.

So, this is the relationship... she's a healer... and I enjoy solitude, within natural environs. Exposure, to natural environs, for long at a stretch, can give positive rewards... a deepened respect, for natural symbiots, with ourselves, and ecosystems, *which depend, partly, upon our responsibility and stewardship. So, then, a better relationship, to the natural ecology, or a more conscious expression, of relationship, can sponser, more of a conservationist ethos, within ourselves, and those, who come into contact with ourselves. So, a greener, better, more*

intact world.

THOUGHTS UPON WRITING

WHEN ONE WANTS TO KNOW, more about the present, than can be gleaned from surface appearances, he or she will, if so inclined, return to the word processor keyboard, and begin looking within.

Writing, is one thing, a person can do, which seems to re-affirm, good of ones essential self. This is to say, that the art of writing, is so entirely from within ones own self... the will, to dream, or to weigh,

and feel and see, the ranges, of thoughts,
which come about, from the beginning of a
paragraph... testing, the nearness, and
distances, of information, within the real
dimension... reaching within, connecting
and inter-joining, of language symbol
possibilities... and following, the words
onto the page, with my eyesight. *This, is
such a 'whole self,' sort of endeavor... the
visual perceptions, become the subtlest,
most reflective, of sensors... looking upon,
the words, coming to be upon the page...
and weighing them, for 'rightness,' for
balance, and harmony... this is the being,
of ones self... and stepping from within, the*

*reflective, contemplative, experiential
modality... where one finds, oneself, so
often, during times 'in between,' writing
sessions... when 'new thought,' is
percolating.* So, and one allows, his or her
self, to dream... and exercise the poetic
faculty... the ability, to rein in, the nether
reaches, within his or her self... the
bringing together, of the loose strands, of
thought, which he or she has been
following... and applying, an idealistic, sort
of criteria, for ideas... one remembers, the
quietude, within nature, for instance...
when animals, are resting, and looking
down, upon the person in the yard. Or,

envisioning, of the magical... or of the mystical, sorts of lands, to be found within memory... *for it is words, like these, which can take on the rich, patina of time... as they become read, and re-read, within future lands.* One, herein wonders, at the possibilities, then, which reside, near unto waking awareness... when a watercolor pallatte, has a rainbow, of colors... one can choose, the gray, tones... but why not, the more evocative, hues... *when time, becomes the artisan, the simple freedom, to choose, now, can become, the very special places, found within, an colorful future.* So, and todays, discomforts, and aches, become

entirely forgotten, within any given tomorrow... *and the wisdoms, which we can gain, as we see... the muddy, and clouded... becomes, the clear, and tranquil; time works this wonder.* So, and weighing, these words, now... I recollect, that *the worlds, of thought, and imagination, when kept within, the mind, are means, to the weighing, and testing, of ideas... without actually speaking them, or placing them upon the page...* while writing, we might incorporate, these recent ideas... we might give them unto the page, *having seen, their worth, and value, from the mere reflecting upon them... we are*

*allowed, to see ways, they make one feel...
before, making them our own.*

So, these are some of the perceptions,
around the art of writing, today... the sort
of solid, lands within which I often dwell.
I know, then, those kinds of words, which
might allow, a positive experience... I
know, then, a nice, mellow light wave
frequency... and am able to put such onto
the page. So, this which the reader, can
find, are often seen to be, a kind of feeling
around, within my present moment... and
weighing, and perceiving, the ways the
stable, thoughts look and feel, as they are
placed upon the page. So, and

importantly... these things are well familiar, unto myself... were I just beginning, a path of writing... I know, I would often be at a loss... *when today, writing often comes about, as I feel most distanced, from 'blissful states of mind,' and when I am, sometimes just so distracted, by dystension, and discomfort, within my consciousness.* I don't think, that the beginning writer, would see these sorts of places, to be starting points, for good writing... I think I wasted a lot of my time, as a 25 year old, from failing to make this '*writing connection,*' from missing out, on what might be the most fertile, and

rewarding writing sessions, I might ever find. So, today, I've learned to 'empower,' myself... when I feel weak, I reach for the word processor keyboard... a tool... and simply, get back up on my feet. And then, I have found, perhaps, an important key, for myself... my present work, is carried, to greater fullness, as I have discovered, *an new handhold, or step stone, along my writing path*. So, for just all of these reasons, 'the art of writing,' is a topic, from which I can usually, find worth. Coming from a place, of magnified inner consciousness, a micro-cosm, which blends in readily, with the macro work. And,

then, these words, seem so un-pretentious,
as I find, they're completely 'from the
heart,' and self-referential... not styled, in
any particular way, formally... not bowing,
to the hot topics, of this present day and
age... instead, they're naturally construed,
and delved of the commonplace.

~

Looking within, is an unbinding, and an
releasing, of positive feelings, from the
mind. Over time, ones intelligence is
shown, to be clear, unvarnished, and
undiminished, by the aches and pains, of

this or that day. So, writing, can be like,
the path out of, the forest... leading into,
the clarity... the sunshine... of the
meadow. It can be, by the bringing
together, of the loose strands, of thought...
within him or her self... and an integrating,
of them, into an concise, articulate essay,
that one truly finds him or herself, to be
whole, and undivided. Sitting within, the
backyard, this afternoon... feeling, the
southerly breezes, and seeing, the ways
they cause the leafy trees, to sway...
waving, and whispering, their relationships,
with the soil, water, sun, and sky, unto
myself... I am always, so drawn to trees...

these beings, look to be 30 years, or older,
some of them... they will probably match
my life span... or do better... and trees are
fairly unique, in this. Birds, and squirrels,
live 4, maybe seven years, in this
neighborhood... the life span, of a tree, is
like that of a person... they, too can tell the
story, of the years... and trees and plants
have a fluid, intelligence, of their own,
contained, within their leaves, and stem
tips; they're different, from us, in that they
move more *slowly*. They will grow,
towards the light source, which has the
most probability, of being on, any given
time... (can a bird, or squirrel do

that?) *...they grow, towards the light, of
the sun.*

*When I see, my own life, from the inside...
along, my own internal volumes, and be
within myself, I re-awaken, to the wonder,
of the day. The sun, gradually sinks,
beneath the western horizon... 'What
would my spirit, have me know? Have me
see?' 'The forgotten world awaits, within
darkness, within dreams...' paraphrase,
from another contemporary writer... With
the waxing moon, rising tonight, what
dreams, will follow me, along paths of
night? 'We, ourselves, choose the lands,*

within which we exist.' As our lives,
create, and are created, by the world, might
we choose, future lands, with eloquence,
clarity, and ease. As our ways, become
illuminated, by the light, of our own
being... and we save, and save again, onto
our pages, the impressions, and
sensibilities, of our days, and nights...
*might we do so, within knowledge, of the
past... and inspiration, for the future.* For
future beings, will look back, upon our
lives, and ways... might, we allow, those
future dwellers, freedom, and allowance, to
dream... of times before... *not merely
analytical, but with enthuse, for times gone*

by.

Within the within,
in a timeless dimension
of spectacular proportions.

Ascending, expanding boundlessly,
simply dwelling on the leading edge
of the cascading envelope of moments...

Worlds within worlds, reshaping,
redefining one another,
within a morphing, evolving Universe.

Fractals blossoming easily

within one another,
guided always by the steady hands
of the great 'time.'

But then, later, in the morning,
when inner vision is away from you,
quietly replenishing itself on the new,
the vast cosmos will lie beyond your grasp,
and your tasks will be of the ordinary.

yet, within this ordinary livelyhood,
perhaps variables will coalesce,
and fractal planes will mesh,
blossoming, just outside your awareness,
and infinitely wonderful realities

may come into existence,
and your spirit will be enlivened,
and you will feel young again.

So, these are some thoughts, upon my
pages. So, I hope you can see how, we can
invest, into the present, our highest
perceptions, and thoughts... this, then is an
end in itself, as 'life seems to reward those,
who try, even above those who try not.'
So, why not, look within, over the space of
an evening... placing a few words, upon the
page, and just tinkering with them... an
eloquent phrase here... an invention there...
see just what sort of article, might come

about, over time. You'll find, as I have, a
richer, more fulfilled existence... and
others, too may share in your fulfillment.
Just some thoughts.

EXPLORATION ON THE PAST

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO LOOK behind,
and beneath his minds' surface, layers, then
he or she might pick up a ball-point pen,
and paper, and go about to discern, upon
the page. So then, the mind, re-awakens to
the wonders, of living. Approach writing,
in this way: the mind, can be seen, as an

ocean. This which we feel, think, and see upon the surface of the page, is only the beginning, of the story. So, anything written, or placed upon media, on this or any day, evokes ones own feelings... this is like balancing... for- seeing, the ways, negative or positive arrangements of words, make one feel should be so rewarding, for the individual, that he or she begins writing, more and more frequently. When I can really do this, I find richer, more fulfilling existence. So, for myself it's kind of like gardening... different spatial locales, within my mind-brain, over time, are more fertile, and ready for sowing, others less.

So, writing comes about, as a way of speaking, to the current issues, and themes, within ones life, and also, as a sort of way of 'accentuating the positive.' So, and the pleasant feelings, which a craft, or hobby like writing builds, within all those about, are sure sign, one is on the right path. So, writing, is most commonly, an answer, to the more or less pleasant, effects, of living, today. So, as times and trends, are often so divergent, *the art of writing is a sort of re-aligning, of the two.* Writing, seems to equate, to financial security... although, my disability income, is enough to live on, I feel that thru the presenting, of a thought,

or idea, or a pleasant arrangement, of
recent ideas, in public fashion, my quality
of being, is correspondingly better. I have
definitely found this to be.

So, these are some thoughts.

Know, now,
what is meant by time.

Moments... years.

Flow, not of an etherial intangible,
as men could really perceive, no,
but the hands upon a clock,

and putting one's head, in time,

upon a pillow.

This is Time.

Empty space is quite positively hollow.

(At least this is the impression we're given

of the mind... our perception of an

inwardly interpolation, of what might be a

definable shape in space-time, like our

light bodies, our heart and soul, our

physical form... something like, our mind-

brain relationship, in the present, within,

the encompassing spirits. So life for a

'being' in the 'ocean' of time might seem

like a near and intimate feeling. Just like a

sphere, maybe the size of a small cavern...
just a graspable, or defined environment,
more conscious, of the vast expansiveness
of the ocean as we know it, highly
conscious, of the flow of time... in the
material world.)

No other understanding need be found.
Mind, Spirit, these come with the turf,
here.

Now, what of Mind?

Is an intangible?

An unknowable?

What is?

When you're in it, you know.

(In here)

Thinking upon the subject of the afterlife almost always leads me to thoughts about the mind... that elusive realm which we become party to as we begin to move in to the infinite worlds of color and light all around us. The more I stay in this area of thought, the more sure I become, that we are definitely not alone, and that the gate to all mysteries is as close to us, when we are receptive to it, as the space in front of our eyes. This is really the knowledge which this website boils down to... the distillation of that which I have found... perhaps, many

of us, will one day part the veil and step across into Nirvana, and thus become like a fish in the infinite sea... surrounded by countless other energetic beings and varieties of experience, within a state which might could be described as 'weightless,' 'no boundaries,' 'cosmic,' 'limitless,' ...a realm of almost pure sensibility? (Still another, may find, something like unto the getting out of one life situation, and into another. I think, that this way of thinking, about parallel universes, and alternate dimensions, addresses, some of the less obvious, questions which thoughts, upon the mind,

can lead unto.)

Below?

Above?

Where?

Lets see...

How about,
querry the Spirit,
and see.

Feel, ye, in time, the soul...

the Great Soul,
immaculate, expansive, *deep*.

Trancy. In other words,

to be in, is to be *out*.

So, perhaps, beyond, or outside,

somehow above the Earth,

Another Realm,

A Kingdom for you,

A Mystery.

Peace, Love, Joy, such is Real.

Real is Mind, as well.

Perhaps.... quantum consciousness?

Maybe?

Don't know really.

Oh, to partake, and know.

(In Time)

Surely, to bring a larger perspective to the page, like this is then something, the writer finds rewarding. So, remembering earlier writings, can be like a handy reality check, as it is for myself presently. The ranges, and degrees, and profundity of experiences, are smaller... more manageable, less worrisome. For the tempo, of present or recent writings, by myself, is fairly well controlled, and within 'cool dimensions,' somewhat contrasting, with the more ecstatic, visionary ranges, found elsewhere.

My relationship, unto myself, is improved.

Sometimes, however, living experiences make me reexamine, the past, and see how truly far one has come. So, attuning, to the flows of earth energy, about oneself, he or she might look within. *Writing, in stream-of-consciousness modality, is an unbinding, and releasing, of positive feelings, from within, the mind.* Subtle energy, flows all around and amongst people, animals, and plantlife. There are underlying flows of subtle energy, behind, the physical world, we call home. (*We as people, have brains... we have a mind, grounded, partly in the sensual.*) So,

knowing, to look for directions, and flows
of subtle energy, behind, and beneath the
visual real-world construct, can be helpful,
as often, changing times, or conflicting
themes, within others of ones
contemporaries, can give such a divided, or
distracted effect, upon and about the five
senses, in one form or another. It can help,
to see it, and let go, of it. I have had
experiences, within my life, wherein
complicated imagistic and symbolic visual
designs, have been seen by myself, upon
the surfaces of things, about myself... the
floor, walls, and just anything. These
images would remain fixed in place; *one*

could walk around the room, and the designs would stay put, seeming to be arising to the surface... from within objects, and so forth. These experiences, but confirmed the thought, which I already had embraced... the real world we see about ourselves, is accurate and proportional representation of the real dimension, which we find through the five senses... *but partly, just a perceptual representation*, as emotions, and feelings can so often blind, or cloister the consciousness, as to this which is actually present about ourselves. So, it's sometimes, only in the telling, or the re-telling, thru writing, or divination,

that one gets glimpses, of the lands about
his or herself. *'If the doors of perception
were opened, we would see things as they
truely are-- infinite.'*

THOUGHTS OF A DAY

PEERING, WITHIN ONES MIND,
looking, beneath the surface layers, simply
reaching, from within, and connecting,
ones flow of thoughts, with the surface of
the page, this can help one, to be more
suredly within himself, or herself. Having,
externalized written material... intellectual

thought... upon the page, this, then can allow, greater conscious awareness, of the always changing flow of time. A person can readily find, through stream-of-consciousness writing, or music, more or less, how the multifaceted, moment and day relates, unto himself or herself. So often, one goes a distance, within himself... simply questing, upon the day, and age. So while we don't always know precisely what is affecting ourselves experientially, we can know, there are underlying causal factors, which have led unto, ones present feelings, and impressions. So, these are some perceptions, today. One can easily

see, such a constancy, within ones own words, and we then have found from within ourselves, that which might, from others be lacking. So there's no lack, for thoughts upon the day. Finding occasion, to practice writing, can be the most challenging part... going the distance, within a muddled mind, can be like pulling teeth. Sometimes, it can seem as if one is distant, from any occasion, for looking upon ones thoughts... but having learned, already, the discipline, to know... 'I should write, here,' such comes easier, with an established path or way. So, just some thoughts, upon my pages. Past, present and future... when the

flow of time, is usually a constant, today's
future, is tomorrow's past. So gladly I
travel... knowing, the simple passage of
time, can heal all wounds. Having a flair
for words is such a benefit, within my
living... knowing, what a good balanced
flow reads like... such is rhythm, and
rhyme. Within the natural environment, in
dusky hours... cricket sounds, swell, and
subside, and swell from the nearby wooded
area. They express, broader cycles, and
rhythms... kind of like their tree hosts.
Perhaps, crickets, are tree translators...
they simply talk within sweeping
parabolas, of sound. Enlongated, drawn-

*out phrasing... kind of like the winds,
which blow commonly here. Attuning, with
the breezes, night time or day, is such great
grounding, for myself. Sound, travels upon
the air. So, enjoying pleasant moods, and
times, from within recorded music, is so
reassuring. And when one can know,
there's no place to go, or arrive at at all...*

*everything is accomplished... this is
comforting. So knowing, these things, by
heart... I have found writing, itself, to be
the best teacher... for indeed the mystics
have said correctly, in that 'One can know
all one needs to know, without ever
stepping beyond ones dwelling.' For,*

commonly, it's within the subtle, interior ways, through which we arrive, upon such a wealth, of insights, and understanding. There, too, is such a wisdom, as can only come by experience... the comparative analysis, which we can apply... having seen much of dimensional ranges... and having such lens through which to see the present... it's not too hard, to size up, or come to terms with this or another day. So, these are some thoughts, tonight. I wonder, at times, of the mountain ranges, in the distance... sometimes, they can seem to be too imposing, or really towering, over myself... when, this old world, has seen far

too much hardship, in recent years...
mankind, is 'no stranger to the rain.' I feel
often, I could use a little reassurance... lest
I become, 'self fulfilling prophecy.' So, to
my leaders, and guides... keep it real. You
get, nothing for nothing... this I'm sure of, I
just have to accentuate, the positive... tell
unto me, the ways, of how, the glass is 'half
full,' rather than half-empty... and again
and again, '*be who you are, not who the
world expects you to be.*' I think peoples'
patience, is so thin, today... time and again,
having seen so many people in leadership
positions, who have become their own
worst enemy, and simply go about their

ways, fitting the bill, for the worlds sour expectations. I think, people are highly receptive, firstly, today, to the inspirational... seeking, it, following ideals... seeking strong leaders. *So, we're like, dwellers, on the threshold... in a way, the individual is more empowered to day than ever... but the static air, within dwellings, can sometimes lead people along retrograde paths... I think smiling more, is the single most potent medicine, there is. So and when laughter, is the best medicine, do please join in... just some thoughts, this day.*

~

When one sets about to tune in, to tap into,
his or her subconscious mind... to peer
beneath the surface layers, over time... he
or she needn't feel, as if he has to
compromise himself or herself... *in order
to set forth, a bio-field, of flowing,
interconnected lines of language symbols...
a linear portrait, over space of time, of a
night, or an day.* It's really as the adage
has it, 'If it doesn't come as easily as the
leaves on a tree, it had better not come at
all.' So, knowing this is important. When I
see, my own life, from the inside... and

really be within myself... I awaken to the natural, wholistic, 'togetherness...' which is so important unto myself. I often, can feel divided... or distracted, by neural surface tensions... upon, or within the skin, around my ears, eyes, nose, or voice area. So, and this tends, to be, like the sort of subtle energy fields... commonly, which new writing, arises forth from within. As I begin, really writing... my writers mind... and focus of composition, within... becomes more surely conscious... *of interface, within the encompassing spirits.*

As one 'follows ones bliss,' as Joseph Campbell, described, his or her mind,

gradually, rights itself... within the present
now, today. So, and there are times, when
the sensory information, from these
'peripheral psychic channels...' grows more
inwardly comfortable, and easy...

*correspondingly, quite clearly, unto the
placing of cogent language symbols...
within the space of a printed page. It's so
much like, the interior structures, which
come to light, directly from the
negotiating, more fully, more elaborately,
of ones 'relationship,' unto ones own self.*

So, here presently, I am really, just where I
want to be... for the art of writing, is
entirely realistic... *I have gone a distance,*

*within my existance... and now words, will
readily come. I might, have an interior
time frame, in mind... but this isn't
apparent, unto myself... the differential,
between within and without... is presently
condusive, to the divining, or coming into
being, of a new essay. The contrasts, are
easy... this is my 'writers consciousness.'*
So, and writers, and poets, see similarities
in things. This is why they write... one is
within a place, of inward, and outward
symphony, *amongst his or her own small
self... and a much broader world of
meaning, and significance.* The chordal
harmonies, of the sounds which the writer

hears... and hearkens unto... signify, such an essay. The writer, then allows *outward manifestation, of just the hue pattern, which he or she sees, within*. Inward and outward, simply resounds, *as one*. The realisation onto media, of only that which is desired... nothing more... this is the culmination, of perhaps weeks, of sensing and perceiving. Nothing more, will suffice.

The artist is the only one who knows that the world is a subjective creation, that there is a choice to be made, a selection of elements to be chosen and then reused to completion.

Glenn T. Seaborg

As a person, references the feminine principle, within writing... and writes, from a minimalistic sort of passive, reflective interaction, within his or her sixth sense... will discover, just that which exists within the medium. *It's in the pushing away, from the sensory information... one feels bearing inwardly upon his or her existence, that books get written.* So, the decision, of just when to write... or discern... isn't much of a conscious one, for writer. He responds, unto his or her present awareness... as such

imprints, its mark, upon his or her psychic sense. I would not write, at all, were I not led to do so, psychically. So, *ancestral waters simply stir...* the new, is allowed, to take form... through the readiness, of ones notebook, and ball point pen. *Such tools, and media, serve as portal... through which poetic substance flows.* So, and good writing, always, for myself... exists, complete within itself... and needn't reference, beyond itself. *The landscapes and fabric, of ones inner topography, comes to light, within a moment... and complex written thoughts, take shape... correspondingly.* This is, in essence,

revelatory... of the shorelines... which the
sailing vessel approaches, in making
landfall. A gifted familiar, bestows upon
the writer a higher point of view, and the
light of spirit, shines outwardly. Today
takes on meaning, moving beyond it... and
an elliptical, far-flung journey comes
home. The shortest distance, might have
been an linear progression of time...
straight through... but the passages, of
greater round about distance... make the
writing, and art of writing, complete.

TOUCHED
BY GOD

WHEN ONE GOES ABOUT TO WRITE,
he or she might type out a few words, upon
the page, and just look upon, how, this then
makes him feel. At the present, I am
listening, unto a talk, by the late Harvard
M.D. John E. Mack. This gentleman, in my
view, was perhaps, the most lucid, and
articulate, of writers, on the topic of
anamalous experience, or extraordinary
experience, *closely pertaining unto, the
human mind... and subjective experience.*

Subjective experience, it turns out, can
have hyper-ordinary ranges... we've always
known this; history is replete with stories

of those, whom have been 'touched by God,' in some way... to the point of unsanity, or distraction... and Dr. Mack's 'witness,' subjects... those whom lived through an world-view shattering experience, such as alien encounters can be... I have often wondered... the roster, of 'experiencers,' those whom have reported extraordinary anamalous experiences... how have they and their personal living experience, endured, passage of time... have new insights, been gained, as to why, such persons became so pulled within, their inner mind... from seemingly non-corporeal beings, and experiences? Knowing, about

the 'spatial mind,' wasn't really something,

I was privy unto, until around my early thirties. Today, of course, I have grown, in understanding, and can easily comprehend, in the light of this Nibbanic, or deveachaic

realm. There, however, were an experience, almost a decade prior, within which I came into understanding... that conscious sentience, and strength of intellect, is not, solely mankind's domain.

Were I to try, and enlighten another, I would be written off... *I don't think just everyone, knows distinction, between corporeal, and incorporeal.* Kids, tend to think, in simplistic ways, about the grand

parent, who has passed on to 'heaven,' and indeed I then did. I think, our ancestors, and animistic beings, have a plan, for the living years, of the younger person, with whom they affiliate. These things, I feel, can be guided by supernatural powers, into the eventual gainful employment, and relationships, and craft... and parents, are key. Flood-gates, need not be opened, until the 'time is right,' one has solved the riddles, and 'persistent questions,' which his or her mind tends, to bring before himself... such as, it seems to myself, the 'lost time,' incidents, in which gaps, in recall are evident. So, how does one go

about, to solve these riddles? For myself, was able, by about mid-twenties, to settle myself, down and out, of the co-dependent, kind of social and cultural bonding, with co-dependent people, which I had been attracted to, and which my existence, had attracted, unto itself. So, drawing inward, closing the door, unto the street people, and others who sought what I could offer-- a nice place, to rest for a night, or a week-- this was highly important, unto myself. For, then I began to let my mind just rest, within the contemplative modality. I think, by this time, I had begun writing, and learning to tinker with the prosody, I found

emerging from within my mind... I had an
inkling, of self-worth... and sense of
mystery, and amazement... *heaven itself,*
appearing to have 'favored' myself, with a
folder of 'automatic writings,' those sorts
of writings, which cause the hand and pen,
to move, down the page... I sensed an
compositional greatness, emerging,
seemingly, from the shadows, of my
mind... *without my conscious control.* So,
this writing experience, brought myself,
into greater appreciation, of my own ideas
of an 'philosophers stone,' I began to have
sense of wonder, and curiosity, as to the
spatial metric, about my physical form.

But I hadn't the perseverance, to approach,
the mystery... beyond an imagined
conception, of an larger, encompassing
being... about sentient life, in general... my
conceptions, of Great Spirit, or Universal
Soul... the common denominator, of all life,
upon Earth. So, and then, I was quite
nearly at journeys end, to that period. It
wasn't more than six months, before, I
found, or was enlightened unto, my own
missing 'puzzle pieces...' the question, to
the answers, my mind had been finding, for
previous decade... and the answer, to the
puzzle, of just why, do I felt the way I
did... and did the sorts of things I would

do. *I found the source, of my troubles-- my own actions.* I didn't, at that time, possess understanding of the human condition, enough to know proper way, in which to see such an crux... that came later. So, instead, I found myself, in the recovery room, of the university hospital near there... having hurt myself... *and with the complete relief, from the suffering, which had typified, my life since graduation, from high school.* So, *I gradually, recovered the pieces of my life... and today, it doesn't trouble myself.* So, this present sort of mature, adult *modus operandi*, came in stages... across, more than ten years, of

inward questing. So, I think, each persons
path, or journey is different.

'After time has passed, and you yourself are
one, there might be found, too, those who
can guide one such as yourself.

Isn't this what is really desired, a guide? '

These words, from my short work 'Ethos of
Enlightenment,' suggest at this which I
feel, has been of importance to mankind,
for millennia... the searching, and need, for
a guide. As I understand, my adult role, is
so commonly, to chart my own course... I
think I know suredly, that '*No one's gonna*

follow you around, for nothing,'
today...*'you're all grown up,'* your mind,
and good sense... is on par with most
anyones... I look for guidance, instead,
from within... the old familiar... great
uncle... great great aunt... *when we keep*
and hold, our faith, in this thought... which
states 'there is a plan, for everyones life...'
things, in my life, are just going, to be
seen, and understood, before I consciously
awaken unto them... I think, that
commonly, this can be how a book, is
written... one gets the sense, of a sort of
'tabula rasa,' springing forth from ones
mind and imagination... one with clear

aims, and goals... and conceptually unified, and varying little, from 'ones best literary intentions.' So, while there will be, those times, when families are strained, and tested, by loss and heartache... having recently lost, a good friend, who stayed at the home where I live... and not fully, having answers, as I might would wish... I am simply reminded, 'no one is guaranteed tomorrow...' this is a part of life's majesty... there are yet many things we can do, to insure ourselves, in event, of loss. So, I guess, I feel a bit touched, all in all, by recent events, and am leaning back, towards writing, as outlet, and diversion, to

the sorts of conundrums which a close death, can bring. So, you'll find me writing, when times get difficult... there's no two ways about it... I don't like to let myself get pigeon-holed, within narrow definitions... instead, keep spirit of creativity alive, within hobby and craft.

This is my way.

IMPRESSIONS OF NATURE

AS OUR EARTH TILTS, GRADUALLY,
on its axis, away from the sun, and then
gradually tilts, back... northern, and

southern hemispheres experience the four seasons of the year. Presently, we in the northern hemisphere, are moving from out of summer into the five or six months of colder temperatures. In the southern United States, where I live, winters are usually fairly mild... 45 degrees farenheit is typically a mean temperature... commonly dipping into the 20s at night. *This week is bringing our first autumn red leaves, and gold.* So, with thoughts, of Thanksgiving, and the following seasonal gift-making, decorating, and giving. I'm enjoying Christmas music, (although, the month's still September... summer's barely out of

the door... *winter's coming icy finger-tips, are causing me to layer my garments, and wear hooded jackets.*) I am beginning to think, and make some presents. You can't not like winter. *Like it or not, it's on its way in, this week, with highs, only in the 60s.* This is the time of year, I think, for planting fall turnip greens. Last weekend, brought plenty of rainfall, for the garden... we in the south need all we can get... *just please: don't flood us.* Birds, gradually take on winter plumage... I wonder, at times, at animals... they can be so curious... I have pondered, is it okay to surmise, that animals... such as birds, and insects, wild

cats, bears, and deer... have fondness for
entheogens, as they are found, about?

Robbins, remind myself, of retired, ageing
authors... whiling away a few generations,
in the bird family. They have considering,
minds... which linger, like molasses, slowly
absorbing... the scene, of a person, sitting
in the natural environment. They're the
most family centered birds, we have, *being
all about, their young, in the nest each
year... catching worms, and taking back to
the chicks, in their beaks... worm tails
dangling out.* Twice last month... small,
round spider dropped down, from the back
porch eaves upon a silk thread... to a spot,

right above my forehead... as I had my morning smoke... tobacco smoke curling up, from the bowl of my pipe. I just wonder... spider, thought he might like a little stimulant, to get the day going?

Birds, are quite possibly, like dinosaurs...

having perhaps descended, from

Pteradactyl... developing feathers, to keep

warm, during ice ages... while dogs, and

especially wolves... they say, have been

around, upon the planet, three times

longer, than have homo- sapiens. Where I

can sit, on the back porch, I have been

observing the butterflies. We have an

abundance, of butterflies, this year.

Monarchs, and the other patterned, larger ones... smaller yellow butterflies... and the occasional white butterfly. *To myself, the white butterfly is purity, and fortune.*

These creatures, live for maybe six weeks, during their butterfly stage... I've observed the same butterfly, previously, for at least six weeks, before he disappeared. He was sitting, on the patch of bare soil, below the porch, where the women sometimes pour out leftover juice, from vegetables, and such... he was attracted to the dried juice... anyways, he was sitting there, quite often, one week... one evening after dinner, when the cook stepped through the door, and in

one motion, poured a pot of bean juice right where the butterfly was sitting... *this little guy, dodged each and every drop of the liquid, crashing down, and shot out, from beneath, and was back in the front yard, in three seconds.* He was back in the same spot the next day, licking the pebbles, and savoring, I guess the salty bean juice.

Butterflys, I've found, are highly maneuverable, and can move at a speedy pace, when they have to. You would want to think, their steering, would be hit-and-miss, but they can go precisely, where they want to go. If mankind, could possibly design a computer, to be as smart as

butterfly instincts, you could make robotic planes designed like birds... *but computers, will probably never match the butterfly.*

Earlier this week, an inchworm, came indoors, on my shirt sleeve with me, and dropped onto my hand, as I sat down in bed. He was just curious... so I set him across, on the bedside table, resting on my tape deck. I looked back, when I returned to bed later in the day, and he had spun a thread, and was dangling down, perfectly still, from the headphone jack, in full view, of my perch on the bed. *I reached over, and gently rubbed him, and he quivered, all over, like a housecat stretching, upon*

wakening from a dream... then, we regarded each other, and I picked up a book, and read for a while. He wasn't in the same place, when I went to sleep that night, for I had carried him at last back out into the back yard, and set him loose in the grass. He didn't seem at all resentful, or hateful, or scared, of myself, at any time, and he is probably still in the grass somewhere. I wonder... will he later become a butterfly? Anyways, grasshoppers, are all about, during the day... they sit out in the yard, down in between the blades of grass. When I am sitting on the porch, I have observed, that

they will fly straight up, and hover about five feet above the grass for five seconds, or so. I previously had thought, that they were moths... anyway, they seem to be getting the height advantage, in intervals...

taking in the scene, and their larger surroundings, including myself on the porch... so I like to wave hello at them, as they hover. Then, they drop back down into the grass. *Those are some of the guys, making the lovely sort of high pitched, singing, humming, chirping sound constantly, during the day...*

accompanying, I guess the cicadas, and the birds. So there's a wealth, a real plethora,

of narratives, about ourselves, when we pay
attention to wild animals... *my thoughts,*
are that *they like species-contrast, too. I*
don't think they necessarily envy us.

~

When one sets about, to look within, his or
her mind, and imagination, he might place
a complete sentence, onto the page. The
enthuse, which he then feels, in his soul,
takes the form of a successive, sentence...
and a third... an dialogue, within himself,
has began... ones wheels, begin to spin.
There's an inwardly place... *in words*, so to

speak... within which the current
paragraph, exists as an image, within, the
mind of writer... as an experimental base
metal... *experimental, in that an cadre, of
 formulae dance, and are weighed...
against, or with the paragraph... keeping
 in mind, the aim of eventual gold, or
 silver... a precious thing... a completed
essay.* Being a self-motivated writer... I
but await, the favorable signs... when the
motivation, to excell, outweighs, the pains
of non-doing... this can take the form of an
intellectual excitement... at the sort of 'ah-
ha,' moment, which shows deeper truth, or
can be brought forth, as a sort of instinctual

balancing maneuver, like the reflexes, which help one balance, while walking a rugged trail. This motivation, can also come about, through peer pressure, and the desire, to be acceptable, in the eyes of others. This can be the most single-pointed creation, as competitive pressures, bring forth, the best. Looking behind the door, of an darkened room, is like the sorts of mystique, and fantasy, accompanying the young writer... dwelling within the world, given him by his parents... having small understanding, of the wheels, and engines, which drive the civilized world... he or she, is but a miniscule player... all he knows,

are childrens games... these can be feelings, accompanying the art of writing.

So, these days, *I can commonly become pretty outdated, or outmoded... already, by the time I finally get to the word processor.*

I've writ previously, how this can tend to make me feel a little bit, like a figment...

the winds, which blow, can stagger, or sway my balance... when a writer, is extant more, upon the frustrated, stymied pages, of recent memory... *Time yet moves along!*

So, until one is ready, to sit down, and actually write... *anew...* the winds, of change, across his frame, are like the tumultuous, tossing, churning waters, of a

stormy sea. So, I like to stay current, stay relevant. So, now you know, how a big part of humankind, feels commonly... at least I've expressed such in words, here... *how every other person, manages one or more websites... new ideas, are such valuable, and valued treasure.* Anyways, this will tend to be a factor, in my day to day living. *Who knows, just of what lies beneath the surface, of printed page, tonight? Why, it's that one who takes up pen, and paper... and places a few thoughts, upon the page... while having no real criterion, for an essay, upon this night or that.* One perceives intelligence, arising

from proximal subpsyche... and, if he or she lingers, long enough, within a writing session... why, eventually, he will discover just that which is on his mind. So, while sometimes, sensitivities show one, this direction, or that... writer, acts as filter... and navigator, for the seeming random, sometimes chaotic outlay of ideas, which arise... *Through ones own mindfulness, a really thoughtful essay, may come to light.*

So, usually, like an inner compass... *writing from passive, reflective modality or, the pushing back, upon the inwardly impingement, one can feel at times... this can be, so amazingly, like the illumining,*

of a stone facade. Another way to go about this stream-of-consciousness writing... is like unto a sort of sonar... or a depth sounding... in which a graspable range, of ideas, are placed upon the page... and writer, then weighs the feedback illumination... to see if anything, like a trend comes forth... or a decided direction unto an essay... this can often, be such like, a feeling around, in a dark room, and discovering, or formulating ideas, about interior design. So, this may be an imaginative, faculty... I have pondered how, a book or painting may choose, a writer or artist to express itself through...

so, one can find, the implicate order, within
a day, or week... *or just which chapter,*
chooses to be expressed. So, upon the
fields, of heaven... resides an vast archive,
of *tales, permutations, narratives, myth*
and lore, and all sorts of access, unto
higher mind, or collective soul, are within
grasp. The receptive writer, is readily
able, to 'downlink,' or 'capture,' or
'transcribe,' from heavenly topography... a
useful gadget, or interesting invention...
styled formally, like an tapestry, or wall
hanging... *or somewhat more unique, like*
an original wood sculpture, or abstract art
painting... that which comes, to light,

through divination. So, some writings, too, are steeped, within imagistic poetry... and evocative moods... as writers instincts, can show. So, these are three or four directions, of thought, for this particular essay.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD

One scans, his or her mind...

'WHAT IS A LIGHTHOUSE' In asking such a question, one then sees the answer.

So to bring an inquisitive nature, to writing, is to find answers. *Writers, don't shed light.* They, instead, find a receptive

modality, wherein classic motifs, find expressions through themselves. Attuning, with universal, classical traditions, *one sounds the depths, and scans the heights.*

Weighing the nearness, and distances, of language symbols, upon the page... can help, one to size up, or come to terms, with this or that day. *But this isn't necessarily the ultimate goal, in itself. Quality of thought and imaginative fluency, can mean everything.* Sometimes, experimental writers are confounded, by doubts... ... *but, this is when faith can shine brightest.*

Barring, the '*creek, which has been known to rise,*' or basic needs, and amenities not

being seen unto (*such doubts as electric failure, affecting one's neighborhood, for prolonged time, as could come about, following severe geomagnetic disturbance, caused by serious solar flare, or foreign encroachment, as could forseably come about, during a prolonged trade war, with a wealthier nation,*) faith like a tiny mustard seed, could indeed move a mountain. An blogger, like myself, in a free land, is in general promised allright future. *He or she may have to survive on birdseed, walnuts, and river catfish, but he'll pull through.* But, then, too recharging your iPOD could be a problem.

The relationship of the English language, with those of European descent, particularly those in England and America, is longstanding. The printed word goes back almost as far. *Not long prior to the invention of the printing press, I have heard, or read, that there were over 100 languages spoken, (some great number, like that, anyway,) in Great Britain alone.*

The dialects of English were so very pronounced, and uniquely distinct, one from another. Going from town to town was like going to another country, such were the troubles of the post Roman Empire Dark Age. But the King James

Bible, and *The Kings English* changed all that. *Language, the printed word, and the West, go back a long ways.* "Bring to light, my son, the printed establishment, with documentation, and you're in the group, or community, without trouble in most instances, as far as I'm concerned." - *The Old Master* So, to make a long story short, this is why the internet writer, today, is a pretty valued part of the community, and family, today. Simply, you yourself, have a voice. To the good, or the less good ends, you use your voice, and so for better or for worse, others are interested in what you have to say. When, I see my own life,

from the inside, along my own internal volumes... *I grow more suredly one, within myself.* Over the years, particularly, in the first five years, of developing, my writing style... the main part, of what I was doing, was a sort of un-learning, of my minds animal nature... and conditioned responses, which I found, was a part of my mind then... *the juvenile self concepts, and the sorts of places, I had found myself within, while putting to rest, my teenage lifestyle, and awakening unto myself, as human soul... one with inwardly perceptions, and outward.* So, typified by an overall sort of ignorance, as to 9/10th of the inwardly

phenomena, which time and again, I found affecting my life... having, at age 20, very little knowing, as to the sort of immediate cause-effect relationships, present in not only my 'outer' being, but my inner. I found my self continually impulsed, *to change, my feelings and states of mind, artificially, by way of chemicals... normal waking consciousness, placing me within a sort of emptiness, or barrenness, of spirit... and consciousness-- I was troubled, by a world, of 'bad feelings,' restlessness, and was bereft of bliss.* And I had become conscious, of this inner heartache, at this young age, because I think, chiefly of my

unusual attraction, to hallucinatory drugs. I felt, somewhat correctly, that I was missing a big piece of my life... *though I wasn't conscious, of this absense, of self...* and I think, that there was a sort of acquired, sense that there would be some sort of place, within myself, I would arrive upon, or unto, wherein I would experience a sort of imagined '*enlightenment,*' experience, or '*light experience,*' and the drugs, were a courting, of this experience, and this sort of effect. I longed painfully for an culminating experience, *showing, that which I felt, would be an entirely new realm... inwardly and outwardly... and I*

would become like an Buddah, or ascended being. These feelings, and sense of being upon a journey, had awful consequences, for my personal life. I resorted constantly, to chemicals... failed miserably, in each and every social relationship, I entered into, *developed an reputation*, and was ejected from my community... and I was entirely ignorant, of this entire plight, and blindly just knew, that I felt very bad, very often. So, you see... then the vast changes, which have taken place in my life... and it's just clear that twenty years ago, I had just volumes yet to learn, about life, and living and only through passage of time, years

and years, were I able to improve my self.
As I have written, time is the best teacher,
and through passage of time, just all of my
questing, and heartache were answered.
*So, today, when life gives me lemons, I
make lemonade.* I write, to localise the
subtle lands, within myself upon the
printed page, and I find my self awake,
unto a sort of *fountainhead* of language and
expression... which I tend to gradually
place upon this website. So, if you read
herein, enjoy yourself... while I don't tend
to be religious in the usual way, I am
religious in other ways-- knowing to write,
and writing to answer the questions I

occasionally find, with respects to my
living... while I may not be a traditional
Christian, I am yet a believer, in the printed
word, and its power to illuminate ones
interior landscapes, and fabric. These
things I have definitely found.